

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Christian Influences in Family Life—J. Paul Faust**
- **Live Long and Like It!—Blanche Secor Longman**

February, 1952

The *Hearthstone*

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Fireside Chat

● Someone said recently that there is nothing we can do about old age except resent it. Blanche Secor Longman tells what a lively club in Cleveland has done to foster contentment instead of resentment in a group of venerable residents of that city. Even if you have not yet reached the middle of middle age you will enjoy this opportunity to store up ideas for the years ahead.

● Juvenile delinquents and grown-up delinquents—both kinds are described by Isaac K. Beckes as he analyzes the reasons for delinquency.

● Christians have very definite characteristics, and these stand out in high relief in lands where Christians are in the minority (see "Learning About Homes in Other Lands"). If you and your family are trying to develop these characteristics, you'll want to read the articles by Billie Avis Hoy, Ashley G. Booth, J. Paul Faust, and Vimala Rajmanikam.

● The materials for worship with young children are somewhat different this month. Let us know what your experiences are as you use them.

● For family fun in February, read the party plans by Loie Brandom and Louise Price Bell.

Our Writers . . .

● Vimala Rajmanikam was a representative from India at the World Conference on Christian Education in Toronto, Canada, in 1950. The talk which she gave there was so highly acclaimed that we are presenting it to our readers as "A Meditation for Parents."

● Oscar Rodriguez is a Baptist missionary. Ashley G. Booth is minister at the Central Christian Church, Marion, Ohio. Blanche Secor Longman has long been identified with Christian education. J. Paul Faust is minister at the Market Street Baptist Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Next Month . . .

● Are you really glad you have television? Margaret S. Ward may help you if you are not. Dr. George W. Crane will appear for the first time as our family counselor. An up-to-date code of morals for teen-agers will be another feature. It is presented by Barto Hunter. The series of articles on family life in the world's mission fields will take us to Puerto Rico. There's more but we've run out of space!

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A Word from The Word

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.
For he commandeth, and raiseth the
stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heavens, they go
down again to the depths:
Their soul melteth away because of
trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a
drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their
trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their dis-
tresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they are quiet:
So he bringeth them unto their desired
haven.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his
lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the chil-
dren of men!
Let them exalt him also in the assembly
of the people,
And praise him in the seat of the elders.
—Psalm 107:23-32.

LIVE LONG AND

ONE DAY I ATTENDED a meeting of the Live Long and Like It Library Club of the Cleveland Public Library. Some fifty oldsters were present. On the program were featured two color films. With the first film there was a speaker who had taken the movie while abroad. While the films were being re-wound, Miss Fern Long, sponsor of the club, introduced me to the audience. She said, "We have a visitor today who wishes to write an article about our club so that people may learn what we are doing and know how to form similar groups in other cities. Will you tell her afterward what you think of it?"

As they were leaving, I talked with several members. "It's wonderful," they said.

"But how is it wonderful?" I asked.

"It gives us something interesting to think about," said Mrs. Mary Buser.

Mrs. Bertha Greenley, a seventy-year-old widow of a minister, sat down to talk to me. "I don't know what we'd do without the club," she said. "This is such a good place to meet our friends."

"It's wonderful the interest the members show in it," said Mrs. Pearl Friedly, who has been active in the club for some time. "They are from various social groups and of different races and religions. Did you notice how little groups of friends gather all over the room to visit?"

Miss Long, who is head of the Adult Education Department of the library, apologized for the small turnout at the meeting. The circus was in town, she explained, and many had taken advantage of the free tickets offered by the local press. Cleveland provides so many opportunities for the older portion of the population, she said, that projects sometimes overlapped, though all groups work closely together. The Live Long and Like It Library Club is one of these opportunities. She then told how it started.

One day during the summer of 1946, Mrs. Lucia Ring, of the Welfare Federation, called upon Miss Long to request the library to do something for older people. "The most important thing," Mrs. Ring explained, "is to make older people feel there is a place and a need for them in the community."

As a result of this visit, the two women soon began to make plans for the first meeting to be held at the library on November 19. From the beginning, the group was called the Live Long and Like It Library Club. Mr. Louis Seltzer, editor-in-chief of the *Cleveland Press*, long known as a friend of the aged, was secured for the speaker. Publicity for the initial meeting was meager, consisting of announcements in

the *Press* and letters of invitation sent out through the Welfare Federation. Twenty-five old people attended and the meeting was considered a real success. Names and addresses of those present were kept, and later postal cards were sent out to remind them of future meetings.

At a subsequent meeting, the speaker was Mr. George Lawton, a well-known writer on old age. A crowd of two hundred came to hear him. But afterward interest waned, and the leaders feared they would have to give up the idea. Then, about that time, a very interesting incident occurred which had a great bearing on the future of the Live Long and Like It Club. One day, on a bus, an unshaven old gentleman approached Miss Long. He was wearing a surplus Navy coat and was otherwise very poorly dressed. She remembered him as one of the members of the new club.

He said, "I cleared \$70,000 last week, and I want to give the club a sight-seeing trip."

"That's wonderful," replied Miss Long. "I'm so glad," but as she looked at him she thought him a bit imaginative and not a little peculiar. Later, however, she learned that it was not unusual for this particular gentleman to make that amount. But Miss Long remained skeptical until a few days later when he came into her office and put three hundred dollars down on her desk.

"Go ahead with the plans for the sight-seeing trip," he said.

So the first excursion of the club was held and a large number participated. Pictures were taken on the trip, which served to stimulate further common interest. The excursion also brought the club newspaper publicity. As a result, the number of members increased at once.

There is a sequel to this story. The \$70,000 gentleman—for so we must call him, because as long as he lived he wanted his identity kept secret—gave birthday and Christmas parties for the group for the next three years. These donations did much for the club, but they did even more for the donor. Never before had he been known to give anything away; his interest in the club had changed his character almost overnight. He became a genial, happy man; his looks and even his clothes were different.

At the first birthday party Mr. Seltzer was asked to speak again, and thus a tradition was established for the club to have a birthday speaker. From the first, ice cream, cake and candy were served at birthday and Christmas parties; thus another tradition was begun.

LIKE IT!

Life begins at forty, so they say.

But what happens at nearly two times forty?

Rocking chairs, lonely days,

. . . boredom?

A Cleveland club has a substitute—

breadth of interest plus

community of interest.

Let's look . . .

Now, by the time the fourth birthday came around, the club's philanthropist had died and there was a question as to how to pay for the refreshments and the other expenses of the celebration. At this juncture, the *Cleveland Press* came to the fore and offered to give the party, provided the club would increase its membership to five hundred. Everybody got busy, and long before the day arrived, it was evident that the goal would be reached. Five hundred sixty members were finally reported. The *Press* gave the committee on arrangements free reign and it was the biggest party yet. There was a huge cake shaped like an open book with a golden bookmark. It was covered with white frosting, and the words "Happy Birthday from the *Cleveland Press*" were written on it with pink icing. Four pink candles made it a real birthday cake. It was set upon a tray and doily decorated in blue. Many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" could be heard as this beautiful cake was brought into the room.

But no less was the joy the old people expressed when the surprised Mr. Seltzer was presented with a scroll containing a citation of appreciation from the club, signed by three hundred members present. Of course, Mr. Seltzer spoke. And so did other speakers and there was special music.

The birthday and Christmas parties are the only purely social events of the year. Miss Long proudly showed me a silver paper-cutter the club gave her last Christmas. She said she received more than two hundred cards, too.

"Things like this are evidences of the deeply felt inner needs which the club is filling," said Miss Long. Then she told the following story:



A few of the large crowd at a club Christmas party.



The editor of the Cleveland Press cuts the club's birthday cake.

Returning from a sight-seeing trip.



When the great snow hit Cleveland during the winter of 1950-51, the meeting was cancelled, but a gentleman from India agreed to speak formally if anyone would come. Twenty-five people appeared. One woman was so moved by the talk that she secured her first library card and carried home a book about Gandhi and had it read to her.

THIS LITTLE MEETING and the one I attended are typical of the educational nature of the club. At one meeting a year the members provide their own program of entertainment, which consists of original poems and other writings, musical numbers, talks, and other displays of talent. Throughout the year color slides and movies are shown. There are also lectures on art, music, drama, nature, dancing, travel, and other subjects. The speakers are not paid, but they are the best Cleveland has to offer. Sometimes there have been tours about the city, and once someone provided a picnic. Regular meetings are held at the library at 2:00 p.m. every other week. Programs are planned several months in advance and the library prints

bulletins announcing six or eight meetings at a time.

The members represent a cross section of persons above sixty-five, and their average age is seventy. Some are well to do, others live on pensions. Some are educated, others unschooled. No racial heritage or religious belief keeps anyone away. Some of the oldest families in Cleveland have been represented.

The interests and hobbies of the members are varied. Mary Hanschild raises beautiful flowers and shares them generously. Charles S. Blyn writes poetry and has described some of the club's activities in verse. Lilla Strang was a concert singer, who wrote and made a tape recording of a theme song for the club. One male member knits, and others are interested in crafts of various kinds. Many enter items in the Golden Age Hobby Show sponsored each year by the *Press*. Some write and sell articles for publication in magazines.

Walking is Charles Walker's hobby. At the age of eighty he still can hike some twenty to forty

miles a day. He says he sees things about him that most people miss; so he gives lectures on his travels which he titles "The Friendly Side of Walking." Said this gentleman, "I don't need to have my thinking stimulated, but most people do, and I think this Live Long and Like It Library Club is a real help to many persons."

Mr. Walker at eighty does not seem old. When does one become old? It is said the physical body begins to deteriorate in the twenties. Legally a man is considered old at sixty-five; at that age he is given an added exemption on his income tax. There are ten million persons over sixty-five in the United States. Psychologically, one is old when he accepts defeat.

Opportunities such as those offered by the Cleveland Library Club help the ageing find a new reason for living. We are all traveling the same road and if we can help make life happy for this group, we shall not only be serving them, but we shall be preparing a future for ourselves as well. Then we, too, can "live long and like it!"

A Typical Program of the Live Long and Like It Library Club

(The musical numbers which usually preceded the principal feature of each program are not included here.)

APRIL 11

Career Woman at Ninety

Speaker: Virginia M. Beard, Curator of Films, Cleveland Public Library

Film: Grandma Moses

Suggested Reading: *Painting in Oils*, by Nicholls

APRIL 25

A Review of Our Own Talent

If you write poetry, plays or stories; if you can sing or recite; if you have any kind of stage talent, you have a place in this review. Get in touch with Miss Long and tell her what you can do.

Suggested Reading: *Barnum*, by Morris Robert Werner

MAY 9

A Day in Grandmother's Kitchen

Speaker: Ruth Merriam, Food Editor, *The Cleveland News*

Miss Merriam will show in connection with this talk her collection of cooking utensils used in the early American kitchen of great-grandmother.

Films: Chicken of the Sea; Cooking; Planning and Organization

Suggested Reading: *Country Kitchen*, by Della Lutes

MAY 23

Baseball Past and Present

Speaker: Tris Speaker, Representative of the Cleveland Indians

Film: Play Ball, Son!

Suggested Reading: *Baseball for Everyone*, by Joe DiMaggio

JUNE 6

Making the Most of the Backyard

Speaker: Arnold Davis, Director, Garden Center of Greater Cleveland

Film: Gardening the Modern Easy Way

Suggested Reading: *The Book of Annuals*, by Alfred Carl Hottes

JUNE 20

Cuyahoga Nature Trails

Speaker: Frank D. Johnson

Mr. Johnson will show his own films in connection with this talk.

Suggested Reading: *Common Trees of Ohio*, by Joseph S. Illick

(Continued on page 40.)

WORKING

FOR THE

FUN

OF IT



A cheerful attitude toward work is more catching than the measles, and its effects are longer lasting

CHILDREN ARE little mirrors reflecting their parents' attitude toward work. If the reflection is incorrect, or if it is distorted, the parents are to blame. They have given the children the wrong impression by their actions.

For example, most girls dislike washing dishes. They have prejudiced themselves against the job, thinking their mothers are pushing the task on them because of their own personal dislikes. Right or wrong, the girls' attitudes are being built by their mothers' words and actions.

As a child I could never understand my friends' unfavorable reaction to dish washing. For me it was fun. My mother always seemed to enjoy doing dishes. She sang gay little songs all the time she worked, and talked about how the dishes seemed to smile with happiness when they were stacked in the cupboard all shiny and clean. We never argued over who had to do the dishes, but we did argue over who would get to do them. Often, when we were trying to decide whose privilege it would be, my father would jump up from the table, grab an apron and be up to his elbows in a dishpan of soapsuds before we knew what had happened. And he wouldn't let us wipe even one spoon. He got to the sink first, and he stayed there. Mother and I could go read a book. To this day I enjoy washing dishes. They always seem to smile at me when I put them in the cupboard, all shiny and clean.

Mrs. Blake is blessed with three lovely, healthy children—two girls and a baby boy. The children's

attitude toward work is a carbon copy of their mother's. This lady has a dreadful time trying to gain the cooperation of her little girls when there is work to do. They run away, read the funny paper, hide, or do just most anything rather than help. They actually look upon work with dread, almost with fear. And no wonder! They honestly believe their mother hates work, so they hate it right along with her.

Mrs. Blake impresses her children with the idea that they have to help because the work is too hard for her to do alone.

"This isn't my idea of a lot of fun," she tells them with a sigh when faced with the family washing. Then the girls suddenly disappear.

Immediately their mother calls, "Come back here. I won't let you leave me with all this work. Remember, it's your dirty clothes I have to wash."

A loud and lengthy argument is sure to follow, which usually develops into a physical struggle drenched in tears when the girls are literally dragged from their hiding places and forced to help. Gingerly they dump their brother's little garments into the washing machine, acting for all the world as though the soiled things would contaminate them. They look like two little martyrs when they help hang the clothes on the line. This isn't their idea of fun either. I

By **BILLIE AVIS HOY**

feel sorry for these two girls. I wonder what kind of wives, mothers and housekeepers they will be in ten or twelve years from now.

WHILE THIS IS an extreme case—I hope—a friend of mine swings almost to the opposite extreme. And she has practically no trouble getting her children to assist with the work.

“This is such a beautiful day I decided to wash clothes,” she will call to me over the back fence. “I’m anxious to wash Jane’s new pink dress. Don’t you think it will look prettier after it is starched? And I want to wash the sheets. I just love to smell clean, fresh sheets. Don’t you think they look pretty on the line when they are snowy white?”

Her voice fairly bubbles with enthusiasm. And while she is talking, the girls are hustling around like two eager beavers gathering up their soiled clothes and taking the linens off the beds. They want a part in the fun.

I often hear her say, “Is this all of Harry’s clothes? I don’t want to miss anything. I have just one son and I want to keep him clean and whole. If I take good care of him, maybe the Lord will give me another boy someday.”

Then I see her and the girls in the back yard.

“Let’s hang Daddy’s pretty sport shirts here today, in the shade. We don’t want the colors to fade, because then Daddy won’t look nice when he wears them.”

Or perhaps she will say, “I’m going to hang your slips and blouses at the far end of the line, in the sun. The sun is good for white clothes. Isn’t God good to give us nice, warm sunshine to help dry our clothes?”

And the little girls scurry around, helping pin clothes on the line and talking about how pretty everything looks. When the washing is waving in the breeze, mother and daughters stand back and admire it.

“Just look at all our nice clothes,” she will exclaim. “Isn’t

God good to give us so many lovely things? And we want to keep our clothes clean and mended to show God how much we appreciate all his goodness to us.”

I have no fear for the future of these girls. I know the kind of wives and mothers and housekeepers they will be in ten or twelve years. They, like their mother, will make happy, comfortable homes with contented husbands and children.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of a child’s reflection of his mother’s attitude is the case of Jimmy, a member of the Primary Department in Sunday school. One day, when that department was studying a picture, the children were asked to bring their chairs up close to the picture so they could see it better. But Jimmy sat without moving a muscle. Thinking he was timid, for he was new in the department, I said, “Come, Jimmy, here is a nice place right in front of the picture. Bring your chair.”

“No,” Jimmy said, eyeing me belligerently. “That is work. I am not going to work.” He spoke with such finality I was left wordless.

Later I learned that Jimmy’s mother had married to get out of work. Finding a house, husband and then a child to care for, work, she rebelled by deserting them. Consequently, Jimmy decided work was some monstrous evil and he wasn’t going to have anything to do with it. It was a long time before we finally convinced the boy that we wanted him to have fun. As soon as he caught the idea of having fun, he forgot to dread work.

FUN IS A MAGIC WORD to a child. It unlocks the door to adventure. Anything that isn’t fun is to be shunned. The parents who can, by their own attitudes, attach the idea of fun to work will find their children ready and willing helpers. Even unpleasant tasks will be done willingly if they are done together with parents and if the children know that parents and children will have time for fun together, once the tasks are over. Yes, fun is a magic word and working can be fun!

Glimpses of Washington

● While Congress was in session in Philadelphia in 1791, President Washington took time out from his busy schedule to write a letter to his niece, Harriet Washington, who lived with her cousins. He said:

“You are just entering the state of womanhood, without the watchful eye of a mother to admonish or the protecting aid of a father to advise and defend you. . . . Your fortune is small. Supply the want of it, then, with a well cultivated mind, with dispositions to industry and frugality, with gentleness of manners, an obliging temper, and such qualifications as will attract notice, and recommend you to a happy establishment for life.

“You might become the intimate companion of, and aid to, your cousin in the domestic concerns of the family. . . . The merits and benefits of it would redound more to your advantage

in your progress through life, and to the person with whom you may in due time form a matrimonial connection, than to any others; but to none would such a circumstance afford more real satisfaction, than to your affectionate uncle.”

● When the War for Independence was ended and while Washington was enjoying the life of a country squire on his Potomac estate, he received a letter from a French officer in the Continental Army who informed him of his recent marriage. Washington replied:

“Well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find you are caught at last. . . . I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. . . . Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity.”



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

Money Won't Buy It

TOM BISHOP shut the door behind him and walked across the porch and down the steps. He could see Tad Hendricks watching him, gauging from Tom's manner his success or lack of it. It was another failure, another "no sale" for Tom to report—and the queer

part was that it might easily have been a sale. "I could have sold them," Tom thought with a feeling of depression, "if I'd urged them just the least bit, if I'd so much as suggested that it was a good buy for them. . . ."

He wet his lips and straightened

his shoulders to give himself a little courage to meet Tad. Because Tad was really going to be angry this

A Story

By NELLIE M. STEWART

time. *He'll probably give me the works*, Tom thought.

As Tom approached the car Tad's cynical expression of disdain greeted him. Tad was small and thin and wiry, the go-getter type of salesman. Tad had an enviable sales record and he strove to maintain it. "Never let it be said," Tad was fond of boasting, "that any would-be customer could slip through my fingers!" And Tad's idea of would-be customers were all those people from whom he could manage to pry loose a "down payment."

"Well?" The one word held a whole handful of questions. It held accusation and scorn and resentment. It said: *I've spent five days showing you the ropes, trying to teach you how to sell. I thought you had what it takes, but you don't have. What are you, just a mollycoddle?*

Tom climbed in the car without speaking. Then suddenly he blurted out: "There was a woman with two small children and a grandmother. The woman's husband has been sick and is just now back to work again. They've got bills. . . ."

"Yeah?" Tad Hendricks looked at him. "So what?"

"What do they want with silverware?" Tom asked, a feeling of desperation washing over him. "It's the last thing they need, right now. With doctor's bills, hospital bills, the kids needing clothes and—"

"That's their problem." Tad's lips were tight, his expression hard. "It's their problem and it's no concern of yours—or mine. They know their situation; they know what they can and can't buy. If they can see their way clear to buy a set of cheap silver plate, that's their business. And after they buy it, we don't worry about how they're going to pay for it. The collectors do that."

"But it seems so—"

"Bosh!" Tad Hendricks exploded. "You know what I think, Bishop? I think you haven't got what it takes! You can't sell 'em, and that's all there is to it!"

Tom felt stung. A dull crimson crept up about his tanned cheeks. For five days it had been the same

story: no sale. And yet. . . . His thoughts went back to his house he had just stepped out of. The woman, young, harassed-looking, with two small children clinging to her, looking with bright eyes at the imitation leather folder with the rows of bright, cheap silver plate inside it. Six teaspoons, six knives, six forks. . . . New things, bright things: they are every woman's weakness. Tom knew this woman was visualizing her table set with the new, bright silver. He

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

—Benjamin Franklin

saw her smile as her thoughts brought her that momentary vision of loveliness. Turning to the older woman she asked, "What do you think, Mother? I do need silver so badly. . . ."

But the older woman had lived through years of illusion and of disillusion. She said: "I don't think you ought to do it, Grace. After all, you've got so many bills now and. . . ."

That was really when Tom folded up the case and put it away, although actually it was still on the table before him. In the kitchen he saw the table still set with the remains of a skimpy meal. He smiled warmly and said, "Well, we'll be coming through here again soon and we'll stop later!" And he knew he didn't really let the woman decide at all; he made the decision for her. And he wasn't sorry. . . .

And yet. . . . "It's not that I can't sell to these people," Tom said slowly; "I know I can. You could pick any house in this district, by random or by choice, and I could sell them. But—"

"No, you couldn't," Tad said, his lips curling with contempt. "You couldn't sell anything, Tom!"

"I can!" Tom was suddenly angered himself. "I can—and I'll prove it! Pick the house!"

Tad Hendrick's eyes flickered and a light of something very like amusement came into them. Putting the car into gear he said, "Okay. I'll take that challenge. I'll show you the house!"

HE DROVE several blocks, turning corners and driving down little, unpaved, dusty streets on the outskirts of the town until he came to a street that looked to Tom like an alleyway. It wasn't; it was a street, but it was a shabby street filled with little one-room shacks and sagging, red-paper covered houses with weed-grown yards and rotting wood fences. Before a little three-room house he stopped and said, "Okay. That's the baby! I've never even been inside the front door! You try it!"

Tom opened the car door and stepped out, mentally gauging the occupants of the house by the litter in the yard. Among the rusted cans and twisted wire and rank weeds, a white milch goat stood nibbling at a bunch of almost buried green grass. Behind the house on a clothesline stretched from a corner of the house to the limb of a gnarled old tree, hung a washing—faded, discolored. On the broken-down front porch a baby carriage with an added front wheel that didn't match the other wheels stood filled with soiled baby blankets and a strip of torn mosquito netting. Tom pushed aside a pile of dead tumbleweed and walked up the front steps.

A youngish woman with uncombed hair and dirty face and a baby on her arm answered his knock. Her eyes blazed at him and her voice was vibrant as she shouted, "Whatever you got, we don't want any!"

Tom grinned at her. Suddenly he realized that she was tired and worried. Behind her, other children, ragged and dirty, peered out the door at him. "Is that a white Saanan goat?" Tom asked her. And without waiting for her reply, he continued, "I bet it is! I just know it is! Because we had one at home like that when I was a kid. She was quite a goat, too. Gave four quarts a day!"

The woman stepped outside the door. "Yes, that's a Saanan goat," he said, and added apologetically, "Well, anyway, she's part goat. She's something else, too, but I don't know what. But she sure is a good goat. She gives almost four quarts, too. I don't know what we'd do without her! Some folks say they don't like the taste of goat's milk, but I think it's all in their mind! I can't tell a bit of difference."

"We had another one once that had long horns," Tom said. "All the kids in the neighborhood were scared to death of her, but she wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"There ain't many goats what give milk that you got to be afraid of," the woman said. "I've never seen but one that was real mean—and she had a reason to be mean! The fellow that owned her let the kids come and pester her all day."

A small urchin behind the woman stepped out upon the porch. "I got a tractor!" he announced in a shrill, high-pitched voice. "Sam gaved it to me!"

"You don't say!" Tom grinned down at the tot. "I've got a little sister at home," he said. "How many brothers and sisters have you got?"

"We got eight," the woman said, and her face took on lines of tiredness again. She looked at Tom. "What you selling?"

"Silverware." Tom unfolded the imitation leather folder and the full display of bright, gleaming, cheap silver reached out for the sunlight. The woman's eyes took on a hungry, frustrated, almost desperate look. "Heaven knows I sure need something like that!" she said.

The old uneasy feeling came to Tom. The woman needed many things, he could see that; but she didn't need this set of cheap silver. Then he glanced down the walk and saw Tad watching him curiously, and he put his conscience down and began to talk to the woman. He let her pick up the spoons and the knives and forks and hold them in her hands, look at them. Every woman is at heart a homemaker and this woman was no exception. Finally she asked, hesitantly, "How much is the down payment?"

TOM KNEW the sale was made. He knew something else: the woman ought not to be buying stuff like this. Still, it was her business, wasn't it? She ought to know whether or not she could afford it. But he knew that women who don't ask how much an article costs but only inquire about the "down payment" do so because they deliberately put the final cost behind

—Song for a Little Home

I like my little home

Beside its quiet street;

It shelters all I care for most,

And draws my homing feet.

When snows of winter drift

And all is cold outside,

How snug and warm it is within

Beside our hearthstone wide.

If rain and darkness rule

In town and country ways,

I know that in our little house

The lights and fire blaze.

The world is full of pain,

And doubts and fears beside.

But when I enter this my home,

How glad it is inside!

The world seems often lone,

But God awaits me here—

For love is warm and faith is bright,

And Christ is very near.

T. MOORE ATKINSON —————

them. They live for today, worry about today's payments—and let the future look out for itself.

When Tom had explained everything to her regarding the down payment and the weekly installments, she said, "I ain't got enough cash on hand right now so I'll have to borrow from the baby! Step inside a moment, won't you?"

Tom stepped inside and shock engulfed him. There were no chairs, no tables in the small house. Scattered about the rooms were various-sized boxes, even a box with a quilt folded across it which was evidently a temporary bed for the baby. The walls were soiled and

dark, the window screens had been pushed out and broken. But up on a small shelf in one corner of the room was a small tin toy bank which rattled when the woman took it down. "The baby't got eighty cents," she said smiling. She shook out the coins, piled them with the nickels and dimes and pennies and an occasional quarter from her large, shabby handbag, and asked eagerly, "Do I get to keep the silver now?"

BACK IN THE CAR, Tad Hendricks shook Tom's hand and congratulated him. "I didn't know you had it in you, boy! I guess you're just beginning to get the drift, huh? From now on. . . ."

He talked on and on, but Tom wasn't listening. He kept seeing the shining look on the woman's face—and the empty squalor of her house. He kept remembering that there were eight children, all small children, and that a service for six—six spoons and knives and forks—wouldn't even go around the family. He kept remembering the things the woman desperately needed and he kept thinking of the payments for a cheap silver set which would go on and on . . . after the silver had begun to lose its luster. . . .

He didn't know where the woman's husband worked or how much money he made, but he knew the endless weekly payments on the set of cheap silver were bound to cause friction and unpleasantness. And in this home there already was enough unpleasantness. Tom didn't know where the "baby" got his eighty cents, but he felt unaccountably depressed at having drained the little household of even this. He had taken of their "substance" and given them in return a bit of tinsel. . . .

Tad Hendricks didn't notice Tom's quietness. "I'll make a salesman out of you, yet," he gloated. He pulled the car to the curb beside a plate-glass windowed office room. "Time to check in," he said. "I cleared thirty-five dollars for myself today," he told Tom. "And this wasn't even an average day. On a good day I can triple that amount. You can do it,

(Continued on page 40.)

family life in

Cuba

CUBAN FAMILY LIFE is typical of the islands in the Caribbean area. The pattern was established in the sixteenth century by the conquistadores, who gave the Spanish white people the role of masters in the colonial society. The heritage of Spanish culture is traceable, as a basic pattern of family life, throughout the social groups that make up Cuban society. The upper class is different from the lower and both of these are entirely different from the emerging middle class. The feudal characteristics of the Spanish family permeate the social structure, and are exhibited in the conduct of domestic affairs. But, whether poor or rich, the Cuban family lives in a wonderful tropical setting, for nature, with all its beauty and lush

fertility, has adorned the island with a wide variety of vegetation.

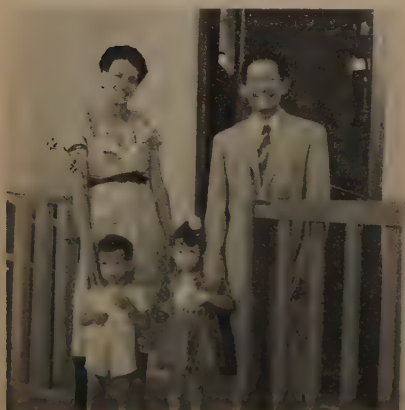
This luxuriance and variety of vegetation suggest great agricultural and industrial possibilities.

Though industrialization has increased considerably since the turn of the century, Cuba is largely an agricultural country. It produces enough for its own consumption and stands high among the countries that produce sugar and coffee for the world market. It is one of the largest sugar-producing countries in the world and, as a result, the island has come to assume a leading position in world commerce. Today it is one of the chief buyers in the United States and other countries.

With the expansion of the sugar industry came a marked increase in population in the period following the War of Independence in 1895-1898. When the war ended and when, in 1902, the island entered into the family of sovereign states, foreign capital began to flow into the island and a sense of national security gave rise to a sense of individual and family security. It was a new day for Cuba and for Cubans. They started to live a new life, and in the past fifty years the population has risen from 1,500,000 to 5,500,000.

Prior to the establishment of the new Republic in 1902, the Roman Catholic church was a ruling religious institution in the island. Public and domestic affairs were closely linked to the dominant functions of the church. During the long struggle for national independence, which meant the loss of many lives at the hands of the Spanish rulers, the Roman Catholic church was on the side of Spain. In the eyes of the people, the cause of their national independence never had the blessing of their church.

With a weak clergy, both morally and intellectually, and with its political connections with the crown of Spain so disliked by the native *guagiro*, the church did not offer a healthy moral teaching to the people; neither had she any dynamic influence upon the home and the family life of the country. The standard for family living it set up was essentially patriarchal in its structure and function. The father, following the pattern of the church hierarchy, became the authority over mother and children alike. The mother was expected to be a perfect model of virtue and exemplary behavior, and obedient in everything. Political independ-





ence brought with it independence from the control of the clergy.

The New Cuba

With the acquisition of political sovereignty, the island entered into a new era. Much could be said regarding the evident lack of experience in the art of self-government, but this is easily understood when we realize that the country had been subjected to political slavery for over four hundred years. In view of these circumstances, one has to admit that tremendous progress has been achieved, and the foundations for a better Cuba are now being laid.

What are the bases for the change?

1. The first influence to be noted is the cultural trends to which Cuba is exposed. The strategic geographical position of the island between the two great continents allows for the inflow of a constant caravan of tourists, while the natives, in a surprisingly large number, travel to and from other countries, especially the United States. These contacts are definitely enriching the cultural climate of the island, exposing life in general to the impact of this influence. A noticeable change is taking place in family life. There are marked evi-

*Numerous influences are
changing the pattern as
this Republic completes
its first half century*



dences of relaxation of the strict authoritarian family behavior pattern which was characteristic in Latin America.

2. A second recognizable influence is that of Protestantism. Even though ninety per cent of the population would nominally call themselves Roman Catholics, the militant Protestant minority is making a strong impact on the thinking of the people. An increasing number of thinking individuals reject the authoritarian assumptions of the Roman Catholic church. We have gathered testimonies from leading intellectuals who appraise favorably the contribution being made



by Protestant missions to the welfare of the people. Government officials who have received most of their education in Protestant schools are giving a good account of themselves as they uphold policies which will benefit the country in its moral and spiritual development. The department of public instruction is greatly influenced by the contributions made by thousands of Protestant teachers now engaged in public as well as private teaching.

3. Industrialization and the shifting of population from rural to urban centers are effecting a noticeable change in the social pattern generally. The economic adjustments made by those moving into an industrial environment is having its effect, especially upon the moral standards of the newly wedded couples. The same phenomena, seen elsewhere, exist in Cuba—the limitation of offspring, an increase in the number of desertions and divorces. A more independent behavior on the part of young people is also strong in husband-and-wife relationships in new families. We must recognize, however, the presence of a strong force which tends to counterbalance the pressure of modern currents, namely, the four centuries of social heritage which still persists in the thinking of the older generation.

The Structure of the Family

In the United States we usually think of a household as consisting of a father, mother and children, and we usually refer to that group as the "immediate family." But in Cuba a household more commonly consists of everyone who can claim blood relationship to the family name, especially if that name carries with it some social prominence in the community. Thus, it is not unusual for a group of "families" to be living under the same roof and eating at the same table as a single family group. One bad feature of this multiple family arrangement is that the burden of responsibility for the management of the household usually falls on the grandmother. Also, when things do not go well financially, either the grandfather or other

senior male member of the group has to carry the load. The average number of persons in the immediate family circle is 5.06. The rural population has a higher percentage (5.65) than the urban population (4.47), according to latest estimates.

Marriages in Cuba must be performed by civil officials. The religious ceremony, whenever held, either precedes or follows the legal one. Protestants and Roman Catholics alike seek the church ceremony as an indication of their acceptance of the principle that a

A spiritualist had insisted on reading a long manuscript on spiritualism to Lincoln. When asked for his opinion, the President replied:

"Well, for those who like that sort of thing I should think that is just about the sort of thing they would like."

wedding is both a legal contract and a divine institution. Common law marriages, which constitute about one-fourth of the total, are not recognized until ratified by a competent court.

It was not until the census of 1931 that the first figures on divorce were included. Prior to that, the status of divorcees was not legally recognized. With the liberalization of the grounds for divorce, an increase in divorce cases occurred. However, these cases included many couples who had separated on common consent prior to the enactment of the divorce laws, who now had their status recognized under the provisions of the law.

Recent laws granting women equality of opportunity and responsibility will have their effect upon family relations and upon home life as well. The strong emphasis upon freedom, the increasing independence of thought on the part of both sexes, the liberalization of rules of behavior for young people in the period of courtship and engagement, the changes in marriage laws as well as the new legal opportunities for divorce—all

these have made a serious impact on a people not quite ready to face the issues involved. Naturally enough, social changes such as these are reflected within the family.

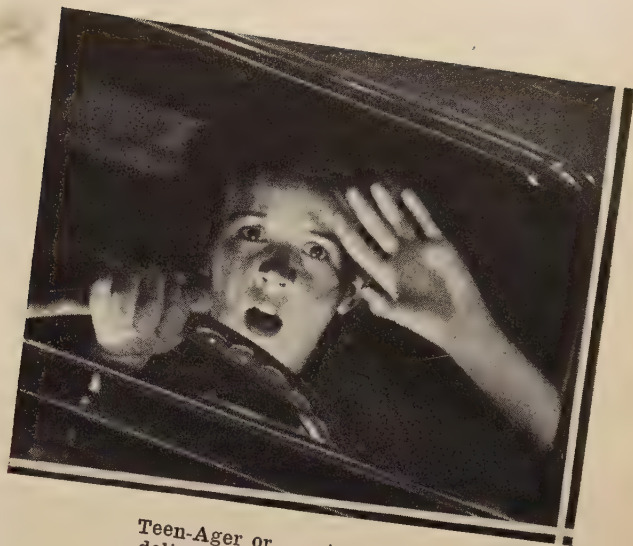
The hope of the new family in Cuba rests with the impact which the gospel might be able to make in our day and generation. The church as an institution may not be able to achieve much. Four hundred years of institutionalized religion has left a deep mark upon the social structure of the Cuban community. To overcome that, a positive program for spiritual leadership is needed which may impress the new generation to the point of winning their interest and then their confidence. Unless the new generation is given the necessary attention with an effective program of guidance into a richer life with higher moral values, the outcome may turn out to be most disheartening. But there is ample evidence to indicate that the Protestant churches are taking an organized form in the right direction.

Protestant missions in Cuba are seriously considering means of bringing the home into a more closely related fellowship with the church. The next ten years should witness a new approach to home evangelism in Cuba. Starting from the eastern part of the island, a drive for the education of the family will be undertaken. Recently, a group of representative heads of families, and a group of parents representing different social and cultural levels, met to consider the first draft of the strategy which they propose to follow. It is a healthy sign that they met. They were inspired by the high motive that links them with a host of sincere folks in other parts of the world who are equally concerned with the future of the family.

At the meeting of the Spanish American Commission on Christian Education Curriculum, held over a year ago at Cienfuegos, Cuba, the first step was taken toward the creation of educational material for the home and family life in Latin America. This action is only a signpost on a long road; it is not all that is needed for the great task ahead.

Teen-Agers are not the only delinquents. —ty-Agers are delinquents, too. But . . .

WHY ARE DELINQUENTS



Teen-Ager or —ty-Ager, a delinquent may hurt others.

By ISAAC K. BECKES

DELINQUENCY IS a favorite subject of those who decry the conditions of society. It is often headline news. All of us are aroused by dark stories of children gone wrong. Boy gangs are found in almost every kind of misdemeanor. Jails seem full of teen-agers. To most of us, the term "delinquent" refers to juvenile and adolescent offenders, but adults can be delinquents too.

The court regards delinquency as basically a psychological problem as contrasted to the deliberately planned and carefully executed crime of the criminal. By his act the criminal expects to beat society. The delinquent is trying to adjust to society. He is in revolt against the demands society makes upon him.

Society often seems a hard taskmaster to the young or thoughtless who interpret all things in terms of self and so do not understand that ordered society must require its members to obey certain time-honored customs. A few simple traffic regulations enable millions of autos to use the roads in comparative safety. But the other day I picked up a fifteen-year-old hitch hiker. He was mad at society, or rather at the judge who had taken away his driver's license. He had been in three major wrecks within a month. In the last of these he was traveling ninety miles an hour in a single-lane highway. Yes, he met another car. When asked whether his car was damaged, the lad replied, "Not much." We rode for a distance. I finally asked, "What about the other car?" He laughed and said, "Tore it to pieces!" Here was a lad who had not learned how important it is to obey

the simplest of traffic regulations. No wonder the judge took away his license!

Society has adopted certain means of teaching the young those rules which are considered important, and of handing them down from generation to generation. Many such rules are learned while living in the family group. Others are passed on through the rituals of societies and clubs, in the celebration of holidays and historic occasions, through religious rites and ceremonies, through fashion, modes of conduct, social approval, and group opinion. Many an individual does not understand that the various rules are factors upholding community life. Some not only resent the rules but refuse to cooperate with organizations trying to preserve them. Social disapproval and isolation are the unwelcome rewards of the eccentric and of the violators of social custom. When violations become serious enough, authority is invoked to protect society—parental authority, ecclesiastical authority and, finally, the cop on the corner.

IT ISN'T ALWAYS easy to follow the rules. Even adults often fail to understand the significance of social regulations. Some rules are archaic and no longer of value. Most of us are very happy with social regulations, particularly if we are adjusted to them. But, when they hinder us from gaining our personal goals, we resent them. Resentment leads to revolt and to violation of the customs. The man who appears at church without a necktie is a petty violator

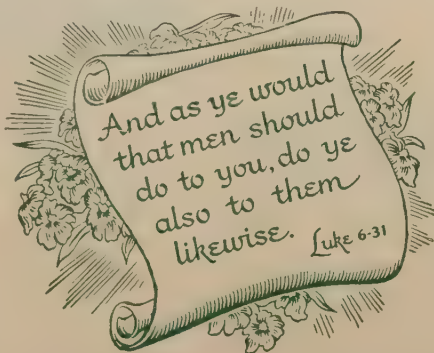
of custom. The man who freely commits adultery with another man's wife threatens the sanctity of the home and therefore the foundations of society.

Most of us, at one time or another, will find the rules of society annoying. For example, one Sunday morning a respected and sincere minister preached a sermon on moral responsibility, and that afternoon committed an act of moral delinquency. No, his delinquency was not the result of insincerity or flagrant immorality. After a good dinner and an hour's nap, he took his ten-year-old son for a seventy-mile drive over winding and heavily traveled roads. Upon his arrival at his destination, he boasted of making the trip in slightly more than an hour. He had been entirely indifferent to the fifty-mile-an-hour speed limit established for the welfare of the citizens. This minister was a delinquent, not maliciously so, but a delinquent nonetheless, and under less propitious circumstances, a dangerous delinquent. Furthermore, his public boasting before his own son could easily be the basis for more flagrant violation upon the part of the boy.

Why did a man of responsibility and moral integrity drive so fast on a crowded road? Certainly not because of a lack of time. Probably he had a good car and liked to drive fast. Fast driving may have inflated his ego. Perhaps he felt himself of such judgment and ability as to be beyond the law. Regardless of his motives, this minister was an adult delinquent.

Our young traffic violator was also a delinquent. He drove fast because life at home was monotonous. He couldn't get along with his father. Resentful of family restraints, the boy was in search of freedom—freedom with a thrill. Driving ninety miles an hour was one avenue of escape. Banging up expensive automobiles furnished a moment's mad excitement. But, who was really delinquent? The boy himself? Or the father who was indifferent to the boy's need for understanding and security in the family?

BILLIE WAS A young mother whose husband divorced her for unfaithfulness. Strange, when only a few months before they had been so passionately in love. Her parents couldn't understand. They had tried to train her properly. But Billie was the oldest in a family of four children. She wasn't wanted in the first place. Then, when her brothers and sisters came, cute and cuddly in their early years, they received the parental affection. Furthermore, Billie was early pressed into responsibility for household chores. When the others grew older, she found herself still obliged to do the



cleaning, the mopping and the dish-washing. Her parents were harsh whenever she protested, so her resentment seethed within.

The one thing Billie sought most in the world was to be wanted, to be loved. She really was a beautiful young girl and it wasn't hard to find someone to love her. Only she loved too often and too well. Who was delinquent? The girl, confused and emotionally crippled, who made the overt mistake? Or the parents, tired and wearied with family problems, who used her unfairly and then starved her for love? The answer is plain. Everyone was delinquent.

JOE RAN with the neighborhood gang. It was a good neighborhood and the members of the gang came from respected families. Actually, the parents didn't pay much attention when their boys would go away for a couple of hours after dinner every evening. Joe's dad was amazed to be called to the police station and find Joe arrested for stealing cars. It was all a matter of having some fun, a thrill. Joe had not wanted to steal cars,

but the gang labeled him yellow and he couldn't take it. Joe's delinquency was the result of group pressure.

His dad was under pressure, too, when he heard about the escapade. In fact, he built up "a full head of steam." He wouldn't believe it, threatened to sue for false accusations. His pressure went down to the bottom, however, when Joe looked him straight in the eye and said, "I'm very sorry, Dad, but I'm guilty." Then he was bitter toward Joe. Again, who was delinquent? Joe? Or the parents who didn't know where their sons were spending their evenings?

DELINQUENCY is psychological—the mistaken effort to adjust to the demands of society by breaking the rules. A girl starved for love pays for that love with her virtue. A boy whose home is not a place of fellowship finds that fellowship in the gang; and gang practices lead to delinquency. Monotonous, individualistic family living sends a lad down the road at ninety miles an hour on a thrill tour. Immature girls without adult supervision indulge in an orgy that may mar their lives.

Maturity is the answer to delinquency. Maturity is an emotional and psychological achievement, not merely the result of the passing of the years. It is the result of family living, of family love and understanding, of family cooperation in work and play. It comes out of the honest effort of families to meet the needs of each member of the family, of the confidence that comes out of family living. It comes from treating children as responsible individuals, from cooperative family activity, from working together, from playing together, and praying together.

One man is unusually proud of his sixteen-year-old son. The boy is a fine, manly chap, worthy of his father's pride. Last summer the father had a terrific sunburn; his bald head was a "gorgeous" pink. That father had been in the hot sun, cheering his head off at a lot of ball games. Why? His son was a star first baseman. Will that boy become a delinquent? *Never!*

*Christian families are distinctly different
from non-Christian families everywhere.
Just how they differ can best be seen by . . .*

Learning About Homes in Other Lands

By DOROTHY RICHESON

AS THE MEMBERS of your family joined hands about the table last night and thanked God for the blessings of another day, did you have a strange feeling that the circle was very large, reaching even around the world? Actually, that was true! One distinguishing, universal characteristic of Christian families everywhere is the expression of gratitude before or after a meal. True, their faces may be black, brown, yellow, red or white and it may be done in a variety of ways, but the motive and spirit will be quite the same. This is but one of many distinguishing features you have in common with the rest of the Christian world. Let's examine some of the others.

First of all, every individual in your family is important, from the tiniest baby to the oldest grandparent. This emphasis upon the value of the individual is so frequently taken for granted by Christians in America that it is easily overlooked. But in India or China or Africa or in a dozen other places, this concern for the individual is the most important clue that you will have as to whether a particular family is Christian or not. For example, can you tell whether a husband and wife are Christian by the way they walk down the street? Not ordinarily! In India you could. If they were walking together, their relatives and friends would immediately know that something was unusual here. It would indicate that this couple had become Christian, and the wife was no longer merely a servant but an individual, equal in the sight of her husband and in the sight of God. She would no longer need to walk ten paces behind to denote her status as a servant. The very fact that only one woman was walking with him would suggest a change, too, and a good one.

In many countries the fact that they were legally

married would also denote a great change. Our missionary friend who worked in India many years says that it was not uncommon for a woman to come to him in tears, saying that her husband was not interested in her any more. "But how do you know?" the missionary would ask. "He doesn't beat me any more," would be the astonishing reply. Beating her was the husband's way of showing that he was interested in her and wanted her to be a good servant—perhaps more so than his other wives. Strange reasoning, you say! Yes, but people everywhere have the same need for being recognized as individuals, and no sacrifice is too much to achieve this recognition. What a tremendous load was lifted when the family became Christian.

This concern for and appreciation of the individual is the very heart of Jesus' teachings. Four-fifths of his teachings had to do with the relationship of men to each other. No other religion in the world has this kind of love at its center.

Another common denominator for Christian families is their concern for the aged and for children. We shall not soon forget our two Korean guests who visited us from time to time. One day, before dinner, they politely but firmly asked to greet our invalid grandmother who lived with us. We explained that we had planned to visit her later. "But" said they, "we cannot eat until we have greeted the elder ones.

It is our custom." Of course, they were practicing an ancient oriental custom that was a part of their old Buddhist belief. Now they are Christian, but they are bringing to their new religion in a beautiful way a concern for the aged, instead of a superstitious worship of ancestors.

We would like to believe that all the world loves a



baby, but too often that love has been a mere sentimentality. With the coming of Christianity it is becoming more of a reality, however. Recently, a baby show was held in India, with beautiful healthy babies participating. In other days, babies were thrown into the Ganges River to appease an angry God. This new concern for childhood brings the Christian Indian family in focus with others around the world.

A LONGING FOR education comes with Christianity, to make another link in a chain of common experiences. This is so apparent that an American newspaper man visiting India wrote it this way:

“Kumla Stephens’ mother has a lot of children. The nineteenth was born recently. Twelve of the nineteen are now living. Kumla, who was the fourth, is seventeen years old. Kumla’s father is a poor man, and the opportunities for a girl in such a large family in India are pretty small. But the father is also a Christian, so he has ambitions for his brood. Therefore, when Kumla was small the family moved from Bilaspur into the jungle and to Pendra Road. Here they were close to the mission school, and the father knew that the children could get an education. And so it happened that all but the smallest of his children are attending or have already finished the mission school.”

Giving all these children an opportunity to get an education wasn’t easy for Mr. Stephens. Kumla was an average child who outgrew her clothing rapidly. She is getting big enough for a sari, but her father could never afford to buy several new saris at one time. So she will let her older sister have the saris and she will wear her soft white “chaddar,” or scarf, over her tight dress. The Stephenses already know that the only way they can be a happy Christian family is to work together for the good of each individual.

NEIGHBORLINESS is a beautiful word, and describes a fourth distinguishing characteristic of a Christian family. In America it often means a casual, happy expe-

rience, such as giving a pan of fresh rolls, borrowing the lawn mower, or sharing the children’s measles. Not so in other countries where becoming a Christian often means leaving relatives, friends, and old customs. Under such circumstances, neighborliness has a special urgency, and families therefore find real strength and courage in each other. The Christian community becomes of increased importance because of the encouragement that comes from those who believe as we do.

The church, too, provides universal experiences for families. It serves as a means of fellowship, as a teacher, as an inspirational interpreter of God and his love for his family on earth, and as an avenue of service for others. When American families go to church they literally become a part of “the fellowship of love throughout the whole wide earth.”

In other lands, attendance at church will usually be considerably more difficult than for us. In Jamaica, for instance, one does

not step upon the starter and glide away to church, but there he climbs uphill and down, and not in a car but on foot. Even though the poverty of the people of Jamaica leaves a sharp impression, Sunday finds them neat and clean. The girls and women usually manage to keep one white dress for Sunday, and it is immaculate. They often stay all day at church and have various afternoon meetings to avoid the trouble and expense of making the hard trip again.

Obviously, the buildings in other lands will also be different, but the spirit will be familiar. At a great world conference a Bantu African woman, Miss Mina Sago, wearing a blue dress and head cloth, and speaking with a natural eloquence which moved all hearts, gave a talk on “The Worship of the Church.” She said: “We want to feel at home when we worship. We want to feel that God has come to Africa. South African buildings are always round thatched huts. The first time that I went into a church, it was built on the western pattern. I said to myself, ‘I am in a foreign country.’ But a Christian missionary put up a hut with a thatched roof and a stone altar, such as we Africans use in worship. Then I was at home before God. With the carpeted earth for a floor and the wonderful roof of the world that is the sky, what more beautiful church could you find than that? My family can worship God there!” Certainly we all want to feel at home when we worship.

THE MESSAGE of the Lord Jesus, “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” is universally observed by Christian families. How thoroughly it is accepted is well illustrated by this brief account of one family’s experience. “I am a teacher,” a young Japanese connected with a Christian college used to say to visitors, “but my wife runs a church.”

If the visitors asked for more details they would learn that Mr. Kikuta and his wife, a young woman who was a third generation Christian, and their small family had not lived very long in a middle-class suburb of Tokyo until their neighbors began to notice that Mrs.



Timely Tips

- Set potted plants outside in good or mild weather; plants that grow indoors need fresh air and direct sunlight occasionally.
- To melt chocolate for cooking, leave it in its individual wax paper wrapper, place it in the top of the double boiler until soft, scrape it off with a knife.
- Soap the threads of a screw for easy operation when working on hard wood.
- To sew a button on a coat, run the thread through the button once. Before pulling the thread tight, slip a pin or hairpin across the top of the button and under the thread. Then sew the button on over the pin. Remove the pin when the sewing is finished. The button will now go through the buttonhole more easily, it will wear longer and will not be so easily ironed off as a tightly sewed-on button would be.



Kikuta, her children, her relationship with her husband, their family life—all these things that neighbors watch as carefully abroad as they do at home—were different. Her face was radiant, her children were healthier and happier. They were not afraid to show affection for their parents. The very way the little family said good-by to the father when he went to work in the morning was different. When the neighbors learned to know the Kikutas better, they asked the secret. The mother started a sewing class and a child-

care class in her home. An evening class that studied the Bible met with her husband. Eventually a service of worship was held, and finally a church was born. All this came about because of one radiant Christian family, and because the wife of one Sociology professor was not satisfied to hide her light under the bushel of self-content.

These common experiences of the best in Christianity bind us together. So also do our needs. Parents the world over are concerned for the health, the education, and the character development of the

members of their families. The fact that they live in different parts of the world does not mean that their basic hopes and aspirations are not the same as those of our own families.

Something sacred is born when a man and wife and children live together in the home in such a way as to develop a "family feeling." This "family feeling" is the great need of the world today. It becomes more sacred when they discover that "His service is the golden cord, close binding ALL mankind."

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Stuff from which
candles are made -----

36 114 16 118 41 18

B. A child's head cover-
ing -----

32 11 34 57 109 120

C. Stopped, or hesi-
tated -----

61 33 122 110 73 116

D. To thumb a ride -----

2 23 60 74 25 37 52 65 3

E. Noble in spirit;
brave -----

88 14 20 29 43 92 24

F. Told tales -----

26 30 62 71 15 28 17

G. To crowd together

27 86 35 45 39 19

H. Fifty cents -----

13 8 9 77 54 5 21 6 48 113

I. Promised in mar-
riage -----

38 94 108 68 105 40 67

J. To make fast, or to
yoke -----

111 59 138 124 47

K. What shepherds
watch -----

10 125 135 123 42

L. A person's native
country -----

7 75 1 63 53 44 49 78 87 70

M. Thirty or thirty-
one days, usually -----

141 55 79 121 139

N. Our HEARTH-
STONE Editor -----

115 140 117 133

O. Sheep's covering -----

58 107 85 134

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121
122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143

P. A croquet stick -----

31 100 127 102 64 106

Q. A young deer -----

99 136 56 69

R. A very prickly
plant -----

96 72 66 12 81 50 98

S. Make a sound like
a snake -----

130 126 129 46

T. A day for celebrat-
ing -----

82 91 51 90 80 93 84

U. Tucked out of
sight; secreted -----

97 103 128 95 93 104

V. Untamed, or un-
civilized -----

22 119 132 137

W. A man's pocket-
book -----

4 131 76 89 112 101

Family Traditions And

FROM THE QUAKERS comes the story of two small girls whose game of "house" culminated in one inviting the other to stay for the evening meal. The family of the hostess was active in one of the Protestant churches, and the father faithfully offered a prayer of thanksgiving at each meal. After the dinner, the two little girls were discussing the meal. The guest, who came from Quaker stock, asked of her playmate:

"What was it that your father was doing just before we started to eat?"

Her friend replied, "Daddy was thanking God for our food. Don't you do that when you eat?"

"Yes, we thank God at our house," replied the little Quaker girl, "but we don't do it that way."

"Well," asked her hostess, "how do you do it?"

"Oh," replied the little Friend, "we just bow our heads and smell our plates."

Whether it be the saying of grace with each meal or the annual family festival around the Christmas table or the family outing at some favorite spot, the traditions of a family are vital to the emotionally balanced life. They become stored-up memories to enrich a maturing life and they help us retain a sense of meaning amidst all our confusion. One author has put it this way: "A tradition is a recurring event which takes on accumulating meaning with the years. Memories of good times of the past add anticipation and enhance the actual celebration. It should be something in which every member of the family participates actively, in over-all outlines the same, but

with opportunity for change and improvement as the children grow and have new ideas."¹ An old hymn underlines the importance of family bonds:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

Many families have developed traditions emphasizing the rite, rather than the needs, of the various members of the family unit. Small wonder that, though the ceremony becomes tradition, it evokes but little emotional response or spiritual stimulation. Some have stumbled upon the Kingdom of God in their family rituals, and the joy they received endowed life with a halo. Family rituals can have meaning, and family rituals *can be fun*.

The Ridiculous and the Sublime

CHARACTER and standards of conduct are molded by fun as well as by serious teaching. The causes for family merriment may well be meaningless to outsiders, but to members of the family, this very understanding creates a true bond of unity. As one writer observes, "Family jokes, though rightly cursed by strangers, are the bond that keeps families alive."² For example, every Fourth of July the Stevens family goes on an excursion together. At mealtime, after all the food is placed on the cloth and the family is gathered round, Dad Stevens, with great ceremony, opens a bottle of pickles. This silly little ceremony sets the tone for

the meal. The family laughs and jokes as it settles to the more serious business of eating. Thus this nonsensical little rite has become a rallying point for the members of the Stevens family.³

Not all rituals that create joy and happiness center upon the ridiculous. One family, for instance, has set aside Friday night to be together, and unless some emergency arises, the custom of having "family night" is never broken. After the evening meal is finished and the dishes are washed the family then prepares for the fun of the evening. There are two sons and one daughter. The parents and children each take turns at deciding what they will do together as a family for the evening. There are no gripes and complaints. Whatever the leader chooses, the entire family enters into with a zest. Sometimes they play games. On other occasions they go to a movie or to an athletic game. At still other times they work on some family project. Is it too much to predict that these young people will look back on their memories of family life together with happy thoughts? Or is it too much to predict that they will seek to give to their own families the same rich experiences together?

Another resourceful family determined to take away the dull monotony of the evening meals. They made a game of words. But they did more than create a happy atmosphere. Parents and children alike, as they increased in ability, grew in understanding. To enlarge their vocabularies, they began to use the dictionary.

³Lawrence Galton, *Weekly Parade Magazine*.

¹Mrs. Clarence Hamilton, *Doorway to a Happy Home* (New York, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1950), pp. 102-103.
²Stella Benson (Mrs. J. C. O'Gorman Anderson), *Pipers and a Dancer*, chapter 9, as quoted by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett, editors, *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (12th ed.; Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1949), p. 977.

UN!

*But whether they are
laugh-provoking,
sentimental or serious,
they bind the family
solidly together*

In another family at dinnertime the mother and father took turns in reading for a few minutes on some interest-catching topic about which the entire family might enter into discussion. Sometimes they talked about current events, relating their importance to themselves and their affairs. On other nights they discussed some of the great discoveries of science. Often, they reviewed lives of great people in history. The church and religion found their place in the discussions. So the list went on. Here was a planned method to eliminate monotony and to excite the interest and imagination of all.

Specifically Religious Rituals

IN A VERY TRUE SENSE, all rituals are religious if they provide life with an increasing and effective meaning. That rite which enhances the love of the members of the family for each other can be none other than a blessing from God. It is also true, however, that, among family rituals, there is room for those which are religious in the more restricted meaning of the word. By that, we mean that life ought to include some of the specifics of our faith as well as the glowing generalities. But in our use of the religious rite we may well heed the advice of one who has looked closely at the family: "To overdo the religious suggestions will bring a reaction from the youth who shy away from the



"A tradition is a recurring event which takes on accumulating meaning with the years."

'pious.' Those whose emotions are very deep do not like to have them pulled to the surface to be seen by others."⁴ We must not avoid religious rituals for our families nor can we allow religious rituals to become the means of destroying that which we hope to cultivate.

What Can We Do?

WHAT ARE SOME traditions which families may establish for their enrichment and happiness, which will not be too pious? Here are three ideas which may be adapted to meet particular needs, or they may suggest other practices.

First, families can use the family council plan to discuss matters of common interest. This is not proposed as a new idea but as one which has proved its merit. Here the democratic method allows each member of the family his opportunity to express himself on every problem presented. The great virtue of the plan is that it avoids the pitfall of a dictatorship in the family whereby either of the parents makes decisions without consulting others or without consider-

ing all points of view. The authoritative type of family administration can lead only to present submission and future rebellion. But if the family adopts the council plan, where all enter into discussions of questions such as which child needs shoes most or the matter of dates or the problem of allowances, the family learns quite effectively the larger meaning of love and consideration. Inevitably, in such a procedure, questions will arise about attendance at church, and about how much the members of the family should give to church, and how all of them may help their church in some form of service. What more practical way do we use to guide our families to learn more of the truths we believe to be so vital?

Second, families can read some of the great religious stories in serial form. What child does not like to have stories read to him? One boy would not allow his father to read stories from the Bible. One day the father found a book of stories among which was the story of Queen Esther. The boy became enthusiastic about this

(Continued on page 41.)

⁴Hamilton, *op. cit.*, p. 109.

Factors determining the success or failure in marriage and in family life cannot be measured by a slide rule, but the importance of Christian influences cannot be overestimated.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES in FAMILY LIFE

THERE APPEARED recently in a popular weekly a discussion of marriage and family life which was presented in terms of the odds involved. After analyzing statistics, the author discovered what is the most likely age for marriage, the locale in which the odds against marriage are the highest and the lowest, the number of quarrels to be expected in the average home, the chances of children in the home, whether the baby will be a boy or a girl, and so forth. Then he concluded: "Life is pretty simple—when you use the slide rule."

But the limitations of the slide-rule technique are pretty obvious. For marriage and the home are not matters of statistical analysis, however elaborate. And having proved the odds, you have proved nothing. There are factors in every marriage and in every home which cannot be measured by the slide rule, and yet it is on these factors alone that success or failure depends. A truly

happy and successful home is not a matter of chance; rather, the more chance involved, the less the possibilities for success. This observation becomes even more true when a child enters the home and the parents accept their new responsibility. As the child matures and the conditions of the home change, the slide rule becomes increasingly less useful.

It is a modern imperative that we work out the implications of the Christian faith for the present world and for future society. Here, of course, slide-rule statistics will not help us much. We must tap the source root of the power which is central to the Christian home and the Christian family. Even so, we shall not find anything that is startlingly new. For the basic idea of the Christian home is old fashioned, yet it is the one fashion which is capable of meeting a new world's needs.

Mrs. Helen G. Hines, on receiving the 1948 Mother of the Year award, said, "There are three great institutions available for teaching our youth—home, school, and church—and if each functioned properly and conditions were ideal, the results would be wonderful. There has been a growing tendency to leave the job to the school and the church. But twenty-five hours a week in the one and two, at most, in the other are not going to accomplish the job. Presumably, the other seventy-eight waking hours belong to the home." Then she added: "The home is by far the best place to teach the great principles of real living; moreover, the responsibility for that teaching rests heavily upon the mothers of this generation."

We do not need a long list of statistics to prove this statement. More important is the fact that religious education in the Christian family today is more and more delegated to the church and the church's program. Mrs. Hines's emphasis that the home is by far the best place to teach the great principles of real living, comes in direct opposition to the general practice in modern American life. And yet religion, if it is to be effective in its task, must begin in the home. The church's program is meaningless if the family does

not assert Christian influences through its members and through its corporate self.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES in family life are continuous because in many ways we imitate in our adult lives that which we admire most in the lives of our parents and, to a lesser extent, of those within the family circle who surrounded us from infancy.

Obviously, selfish parents cannot expect to have unselfish children. Dishonest parents cannot expect to have honest children. Intemperate parents cannot expect to have temperate children. For as the home goes, so goes the child; and the parents are the formulators of the home. It is a law of life that as the child is trained, so he will grow; as he is influenced, so he will develop; as he is nurtured, so he will become. We cannot expect peaches from crab apple trees, nor walnuts from grapevines. The qualities of the home, whether for good or for evil, will be repeated in the future homes which they create. It is a psychological fact that we tend to become what we admire most in the lives of our parents. The home that is truly Christian can expect Christian results.

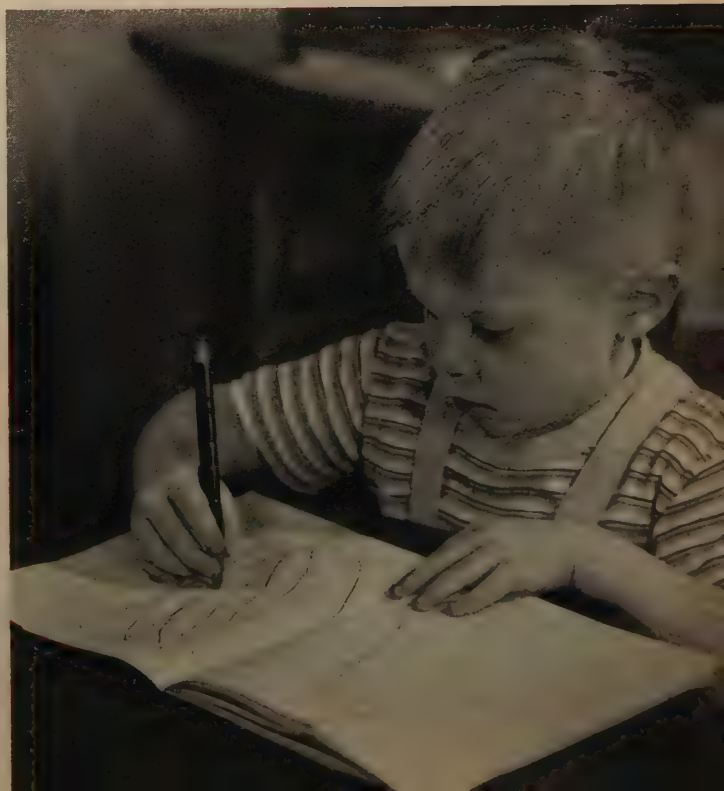
The lives of Christian parents are a constant challenge to children. Honesty, kindness, fairness, and loving unselfishness are patterns of growth and conduct for the developing child. They constitute a sermon of deeds that needs no words to explain itself.

IN AMERICA TODAY are many homes that are classified as "Christian." Only look within and you will see a different picture. But sham and hypocrisy will not camouflage a non-Christian home. For what goes on within the four walls of the house will inevitably be reflected in the structure of that home. The Christian home is without foundation unless the conduct within is really Christian. Husband-wife relationships, child-parent relationships, and child-child relationships determine whether a home is Christian in fact or Christian in name only.

(Continued on page 41.)



... as the home goes,
so goes the child.



Problem a child can solve: The average child spends 78 waking hours a week at home, 25 at school, and 2 at church. Which one can wield the greatest influence on his development—the home, school or church?

Parents searching the Gospels for accounts of the home life of Jesus while he was growing up will find one passage that is an inspiring subject for . . .

A MEDITATION for PARENTS

THE SUBJECT for our meditation is that passage in the Bible which gives the best example of Christian family life. We refer to Luke 2:41-52. It relates an incident in the life of Jesus when he was twelve years old—an important stage in the growth of any normal child. The passage ends with this summary of the effect his home environment and home training had upon the boy:

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—Luke 2:52.

Here is an account of an incident in a perfectly natural, good Christian family; God-fearing parents devoted to one another, nurturing their child in the knowledge and love of God; a simple, unsophisticated home sincerely at work to meet the needs of the child physically, mentally, and spiritually. There is no doubt that there was regular family worship in Jesus' home, and Jesus must have had the usual teaching of the synagogue as well as the teaching of his parents as he worked with his father in the carpenter shop or as he

helped his mother in the kitchen or accompanied her when she went shopping. His was a religious upbringing but little different from that of a child in any good Christian home today. Such a home as Jesus lived in provides a religious family atmosphere, consistent, wholesome training, and an opportunity for Sunday school and church education, and for worthwhile social and intellectual experiences.

But let us look more closely at the picture Luke has drawn of the family life of Jesus, Joseph, and

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

—From the Abbott Book Collection.

—Clementz.



lary. The three of them, as was their custom, had gone together to Jerusalem to attend the feast of the Passover. Then, Luke says (vs. 43-44), "when the feast was ended, as they were returning, the boy Jesus stayed behind in Jerusalem. His parents did not know it, but supposing him to be in the company [with which they were traveling] they went a day's journey."

Consider the statement, "His parents did not know it." Of course, in this instance, the family was one of a number of families making a long journey back home. They were a religious group, and many among them were the relatives and friends of Jesus and his parents. As they all walked back together, it was not unusual for the children to be in a group of their own, while the fathers formed their group and the mothers theirs. It is not strange, therefore, that the parents supposed Jesus to be in the crowd and were not at first alarmed. They were not neglecting their twelve-year-old son.

But how often today do Christian parents, overburdened with household cares, committee meetings, and social affairs, fail to find time to give to their children? Often overlooking the fact that their children, particularly in this day and age, need their fellowship, their confidence, their sympathy and encouragement, they neglect them and they do "not know it"! Having taught their children to read the Bible and pray, and to go regularly to church school, and having upheld some of the principles of Christian living in the home, parents often suppose they have done everything for their children. Actually, they are not aware of the needs of the child as he grows physically and spiritually.

When the child reaches adolescence he is on the threshold of a new life—perhaps it would be more correct to say, a new *stage* in life. It is but natural for the child to have questions, fears, hopes and aspirations. Who else but the parent and the teacher can share these with him, and guide him into the channels which will be to his greatest advantage? If he does not receive help from his parents, or if



—Louis Feldmann.

CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

that help is not adequate, the child may have to seek it elsewhere, through books or friends or acquaintances, which may not always be desirable and may not meet with parental approval. We must, today, beware of the danger of *supposing* the child to be in the right company, and to be developing satisfactorily and happily.

When Jesus did not join his parents at the end of the first day's journey, they "*sought* him among their kinsfolk and acquaintances." Here are loving parents concerned about the welfare of their child. It is the duty of parents and educators to seek out the child, and to find out his whereabouts, his interests, his mental and spiritual needs, and then to meet those needs.

Continuing, we read, "And when they *did not find him*. . ." How very often do parents today, over-busy and without much time to spend with their children, suddenly realize that they are no more able to communicate with them, that their influence over them is lost?

When Jesus' parents found out that he was not in the group traveling homeward, "they returned to Jerusalem, seeking him." They went back to the city, where was the temple, the house of God. In caring for God's children, we, too, need to turn to God in his temple for wisdom to understand them. The verse reads, "They returned

seeking him." The discovery that their son was not with them made the parents realize that it was imperative that they retrace their steps to find him. To be in a position to help our children, we, as parents and educators, must be able to retrace our steps to childhood and adolescence, and to recapture that spirit of youth and adventure, which is not lost or dead but only suppressed. In doing this, we also grow, and our life develops in its entirety.

"After three days they found him in the temple, sitting among the teachers, listening to them and asking them questions; and all who heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. And when they saw him, they were astonished." After three days they found him. Note where they looked for him: among their kinsfolk and acquaintances—only where they supposed him to be. But where did they find him? He was among strangers, "both hearing them, and asking them questions." In adolescence, a new door is opened, and the child is filled with a desire to know of life. Moreover, it is a natural psychological action of the child at this stage, however much education he has received in the home, to turn to strangers and discuss his questions with them. This should not amaze or surprise

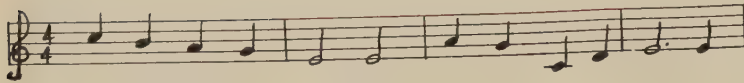
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Thinking of Others

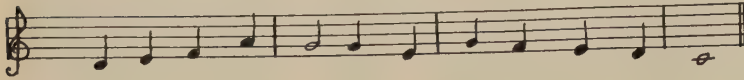
Jessie B. Carlson



with You



When I think of Moth-er, Then I'll try to be, The
Fa-ther,
Broth-er,
Sis-ter,
Oth-ers,
Je-sus,



very kind of per-son, That she would want to see.
he
they

Happy at Work

Happy times together
In our church we spend
Doing things for others,
And for Christ, our Friend.

So we plan surprises
For the sick and sad:
Sharing gifts and flowers
Helps to make them glad.

Sharing, loving, giving,
Are the greatest fun:
Then we have the feeling
That our work's well done.¹

—CALVIN W. LAUFER

A Prayer for Playmates

Lord, bless my playmates, this I pray,
Bless us together when we play;
Bless us apart; and make us know
Thy love, wherever we may go. Amen.²

—ANONYMOUS

¹From *Primary Music and Worship*, Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, 1930. Used by permission.

²From *Sunshine*. Used by permission of the Board of Christian Education of the Reformed Church in the U. S.

CONSIDERATION

The materials suggested here for use in worship for young children have been selected from the regular school materials being used this month. This has two advantages. The child will not be confused by too many and too varying materials; he likes the familiar and is pleased to share with interested parents his experiences in church school. You, as parents, can best guide your child's religious growth when you know what he is learning and thinking. Familiarity with his church school materials will help you know this. Thus church and home working together can best lead your child to the Christian way of life.

First Week—CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS AT HOME

Bible Verses to Use

Be kind to one another.—Ephesians 4:32. (K, P)¹
Through love be servants of one another.—Gal. 5:13.

Bible Stories to Use

"Miriam and Her Little Brother" (based on Exodus 2:1-10)
—PPB, 1st Yr., Winter Quarter, p. 23. (P)

Other Stories to Use

"Food for Little Gray Birds"—MBL, No. 71. (K)

Poems and Songs to Use

"Mother's Helper"—PPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr., p. 27.
"Thinking of Others." (N)
"Tiptoe, Tiptoe." (N)
"Useful in the Family." (K)

Things to Do

The most effective worship results in action. Suggestive activities may be found in the following:

MBL, No. 71, p. 4. (K)
Message to Parents, 1st Yr. Primary, Winter Qr., p. 28.
"How I Can Help"—PPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr., p. 28.
"For You to Do"—PPB, 2nd Yr., Fall Qr., pp. 20, 21.

Second Week—CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS AT SCHOOL

Bible Verses to Use

Let us love one another; for love is of God.—1 John 4:7. (P)
Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you.—Luke 2:27-28. (J)

Repeat Bible verses used in First Week.

Bible Stories to Use

"David and Jonathan" (based on 1 Samuel 18:1-4)—2nd Yr., Winter Qr., p. 23. (P)
"How a Little Girl Helped" (based on 1 Kings 5:1-13)—PPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr., p. 26. (P)

¹Meaning of abbreviations:
MBL—My Bible Leaflet
PPB—Primary Pupil's Book
N—Nursery (3-year-olds)
K—Kindergarten (4-5 years)
P—Primary (6-8)
J—Juniors (9-11)

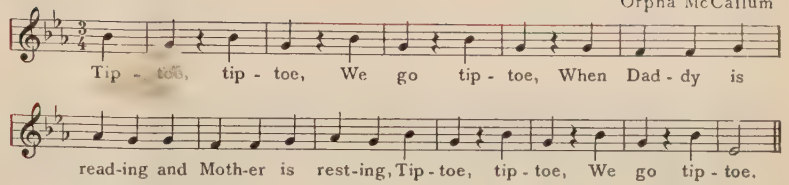
WORSHIP

Children



Tiptoe, Tiptoe¹

Orpha McCallum



OTHERS

Use the verses, prayers, stories and poems which will be meaningful to your child. Take into consideration the needs he has and select your material accordingly. For example, if he has a sick friend to whom he can take flowers, or fruit, or perhaps send a card, the poem "Happy Sick" will have meaning for him. That poem read to him, together with a simple prayer, could be a worthwhile experience. The prayer might be, "Thank you, God, for helping me to find ways to make my friends happy." Additional poems and prayers, not found in the church material, are included on this page for the enrichment of your children.

"David Shares His Music" (based on 1 Samuel 16:12a, 16:23; 17:15)—PPB, 2nd Yr., Winter Qr., p. 20. (P)

to Use

"Law of Kindness." (J)

to Do

Resources listed for First Week.

Third Week—CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS AT PLAY

verses to Use

"A child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11 (offatt). (K, P)

"Love is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you.—John 15:12. (J)

Read some of the Bible verses used previously.

stories to Use

"Abraham Shows Kindness" (based on Genesis 18:1-8, 16)

MBL, No. 19. (K)

"Good Samaritan."—Luke 10:25-37. (J)

to Use

"Prayer for Playmates." (J)

"Law of Kindness." (J)

to Do

Resources listed for First Week.

Fourth Week—CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS AT CHURCH

verses to Use

"You did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, you did it to me.—Matthew 25:40. (J)

Read some of the Bible verses used previously.

stories to Use

"Cas, A Good Friend" (based on Acts 9:36, 39).—

MBL, No. 56. (K)

"Jesus and a Samaritan Woman."—John 4:3-9. (J)

stories to Use

"Sunday Morning"—MBL, No. 19. (K)

to Use

"Happy at Work." (P)

"Thinking of Others." (N)

to Do

First Week.

The Law of Kindness

I will be kind in all my thoughts

I will no malice bear,

I will no spites or grudges keep,

I will no hatred share.

I will not harbor prejudice

Toward any other race,

I will be kind in all my acts

No matter what the place.

I will be kind in all my speech,

I know how others feel.

I will not gossip needlessly

For wounds are slow to heal.

I'll speak unkindly to no one

Whatever be his station;

I'll be considerate and just

In every situation.²

Useful in the Family

It is very good to be

Useful in the family,

Watching out for others' needs,

Doing little helpful deeds,

Running errands here and there,

Speaking with a cheerful air;

'Tis a pleasant thing to be

Useful in the family.³

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

¹Words and music from *Learning in the Nursery Class*, by Eva B. McCallum, p. 249.

²From *Juniors*, Judson Press. Used by permission.

³From *Song and Play for Children*, the Pilgrim Press, 1925. Used by permission.

PUTTY-LEGS

By MARION MARSH BROWN

JIM-MY, JIM-MY, JIMMY," Jane sang over and over as she stood with her small nose pressed flat against the window pane. It was raining, and she didn't know what to do. Her brother Jimmy was curled up in a big chair, reading, and wouldn't pay any attention to her.

But suddenly she had a wonderful idea. With a thrill of excitement, she skipped through the kitchen and down the basement stairs. She loved going down into the basement. In one room stood the big black furnace that Jane thought looked like a dragon. In another little room stood rows and rows of jars on shelves: jars full of round blue plums, jars full of fat red strawberries, jars full of golden half-moon peaches, and jars full of bumpy green pickles. In still another room stood Daddy's workbench, and in the same room were the trunks and boxes where Mother stored things. It was to this room that Jane was going, and she knew just what she was going to do.

Sometimes at housecleaning time, Mother opened the old trunks, and Jane dressed up in the funny clothes that were in them and played "Lady." But today she was going to get Putty-Legs out of the old gray box where Mother had put her away to sleep.

Putty-Legs was Jane's big, old rag doll that she'd had ever since she could remember. Other people thought Putty-Legs was a funny name for a doll, but

*Putty-legs doesn't have lungs,
but Jane saw her breathing.
See, she lives down in the
basement, but not by herself.*

Jane didn't. Mother had named Putty-Legs just as she had named her children. One day Jane had asked Mother why people laughed at Putty-Legs' name, and Mother said she guessed because they'd never heard it before. But Jimmy said it was because it fitted the doll so well. Putty was something soft, he explained, like modeling clay. It couldn't stand up and neither could Putty-Legs, so that was why Mother had given her that name.

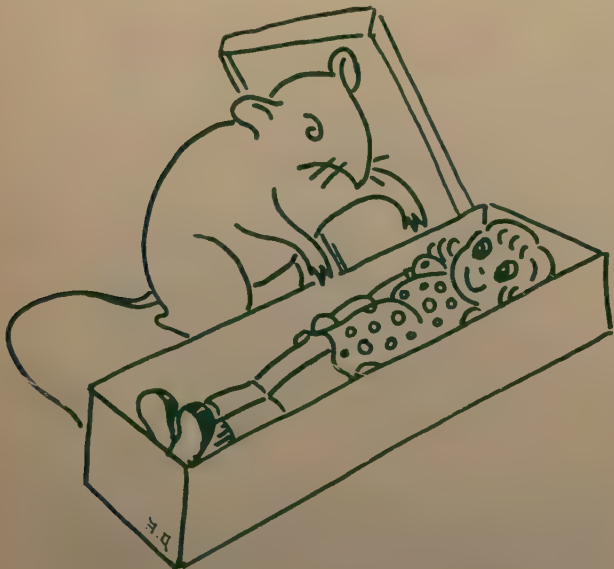
Mother had put Putty-Legs away a long time ago. She said she thought Putty-Legs was tired because she had been played with so long. But Jane felt sure that she had rested long enough now and was wondering why her little mother didn't come to take her up.

Jane crawled up on an old chair and tugged at the box that held Putty-Legs. Up came the lid, but down went Jane—chair and all! "Oh!" she laughed. Then she sat up and listened. She thought she heard a little sound from inside the box. Surely Putty-Legs wasn't laughing, too!

She climbed back up onto the chair, and working carefully, opened the box. Yes, there lay her beloved dolly. Jane stood looking down at her, and as she looked, her eyes grew bigger and bigger. For what do you suppose she saw? Putty-Legs was breathing! Her dress was moving up and down, up and down, just like people's clothes did when they breathed. Jane knew all about breathing: how it was taking fresh air into your lungs and letting the old air out, and how that helped you to run and play. But dolls didn't have lungs; they didn't have air inside them; and they couldn't run and play. Yet here was Putty-Legs breathing!

Jane held her own breath. Maybe Putty-Legs would jump up and catch her hand and be a real, live playmate. Maybe Jane *had* heard her laugh. Jane stood watching breathlessly, but Putty-Legs just lay where she was.

(Continued on page 41.)



BROWNIE SHOES

By HELEN L. RENSHAW

*Just when Brownie Shoes thought he was
all worn out, he had a thrilling adventure
It made his eyes pop, and he was so swelled
with pride that he lost his wrinkles*



BBROWNIE SHOES snuggled down deep into the soft tissue of his white shoe box.

"Ho, hum!" he yawned. "I guess no one will try me on today. I'll just fold my laces across my eyes and have a nice long sleep."

But Brownie Shoes was wrong! Someone did want to try him on.

"Here is a nice pair of shoes," said a man's voice.

Brownie Shoes felt himself being lifted down from his shelf.

"Oh, bother!" he thought as he felt the lid being taken off his box.

The store seemed very bright after being in the dark box so long. The light shone right in Brownie Shoes' eyes. He stuck his tongue way out, but no one seemed to notice what he was doing.

"Are these well-made shoes?" a pretty lady in a blue dress asked.

"The very idea of asking if I'm well made," thought Brownie Shoes indignantly. Then he saw that there was a pair of old black shoes sitting on the floor beside him. "I'm in a lot better condition than you are," he bragged to the black shoes.

Black Shoes sighed. "Of course, you are! I'm all tired out. See? I have a hole in both my soles."

Brownie Shoes nearly popped a heel off, he was so startled. "Oh, my!"

"I'll try these on you for size," said the man's voice.

Brownie Shoes saw that he was going to be put on the feet of a

small boy who sat beside the pretty lady. "Should I pinch his feet?" whispered Brownie Shoes to Black Shoes.

"Oh, please don't!" cried Black Shoes. "I am simply too tired to be walked in any longer."

"Well, I might as well get out of here and see what the outside world looks like," decided Brownie Shoes. So he was careful not to fit too tightly or too loosely. He made himself very soft and comfortable for the boy's feet.

"How do these shoes feel?" the pretty lady asked anxiously.

The boy got up and walked across the soft velvet carpet and back again. "Yes," the boy decided. "I like these shoes. I can wriggle my toes."

"Of course, you like me," thought Brownie Shoes. He was a little excited now. This was going to be a lot different from sleeping on the shelf all day.

"He'll wear the new shoes," said the pretty lady.

Brownie Shoes felt himself walking across the velvet carpet and out the door. "Goodness!" he thought in alarm. "My soles are getting scratched up on this hard sidewalk. I do hope Boy will be careful of my shiny sides."

Boy was careful, very careful. Brownie shoes was kept on a closet shelf when he wasn't being worn. Sometimes Boy put a lovely smooth polish all over him. That made him feel good, and he always

beamed happily for Boy. At first Boy only wore Brownie Shoes when he was all dressed up in his best suit. Brownie Shoes liked that. He did his best to be bright and gay so that Boy could be proud of him.

But after a while Boy got careless. He didn't use the lovely polish so often. Sometimes he kicked rocks and that made rough spots on Brownie Shoes. Once he jerked the laces on Brownie Shoes so hard that one broke.

"Ouch!" snapped Brownie Shoes.

Boy tied a big ugly knot in the string.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Brownie Shoes. "Here I am getting my sides all scuffed up and now I'm being tied in knots."

Pretty soon Boy began to wear Brownie Shoes every day—every day except when he put on his best suit. Then he left Brownie Shoes on the floor in the back of his closet. There was another pair of shoes up on the shelf now.

Brownie Shoes had to work harder than he had ever worked before. He ran and jumped and skipped until his tongue hung out. Sometimes he had to sit very, very still under a school desk. He got thin on the bottom, too. Once Brownie Shoes saw himself in a mirror.

"My goodness!" he sputtered.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DOROTHY BIEBER FARLEY

"I'm wrinkled and scratched. I look very pale, too. Why doesn't Boy take care of me?"

But Boy didn't even bother to keep the mud wiped off Brownie Shoes. Brownie Shoes got a little cross about it. He finally got so angry that he began to pinch Boy's feet.

"Maybe he'll remember about me if I squeeze his toes," thought Brownie Shoes.

Boy did think about Brownie Shoes then. He sat right down on the floor and took Brownie Shoes off. He said to the pretty lady, "I don't want to wear these old shoes any longer. They pinch and, besides, I don't like them any more."

"Of course, I pinch!" squeaked Brownie Shoes. "That's because I want to be cleaned up. You would like me if I were all shiny with polish again."

The pretty lady picked up Brownie Shoes. "Too bad," she said sadly. She took Brownie Shoes and dropped him down into a big box.

It was all dark inside, and Brownie Shoes wondered if he was back in his shoe box in the store. He hoped that he might be and that someone would come who would like him again. Then he saw the strangest pair of shoes right next to him. They were bright red and the heels were very thin and high.

"Hi, Reddy!" said Brownie Shoes. "Where are we?"

"I heard the pretty lady say that we are going to another country where there aren't many shoes," squeaked Reddy Shoes. "We are going across the water."

"Now that is one thing I can't do," said Brownie Shoes. "I can't swim."

"Silly!" Reddy poked Brownie Shoes with her pointed toe. "We will go on a big boat. I heard all about it."

"Will there be a boy over there to wear me?" asked Brownie Shoes anxiously.

"I guess maybe. If they think you are nice enough," Reddy stood very tall on her beautiful high heels. "Pretty Lady said that some of these people go barefoot. Just imagine that!"

"I'm too tired to run around all day any more," snapped Brownie

Shoes. "I think I have a hole coming in one of my soles. Besides, no one will want me now that I'm so ugly."

So Brownie Shoes wiggled and squirmed until he pushed himself way down in the box. Clear down to the bottom. Then he fell asleep. He slept so hard he didn't even know when the box was lifted up and carried away from Boy's house. He didn't hear the pretty lady say, "This box is going to another country where they really need shoes and clothes."

MANY DAYS PASSED before Brownie Shoes opened one eye. Someone was taking the top off the box. There were a lot of people talking, and they all seemed very much excited.

No mind is thoroughly well organized

That is deficient in a sense of humor.

—Coleridge

"What a lot of noise they make over us poor shoes," thought Brownie Shoes. "I hope they leave me here so I can go on sleeping."

"Oh! Oh! What beautiful red shoes!" cried a girl's voice. "Look! They just fit me."

Then Brownie Shoes heard a boy's voice. "I guess there aren't any shoes for me. Only shoes for Mamma and my sisters."

"Good!" thought Brownie Shoes. "He doesn't know about me away down here. Maybe he'll go away."

"I'm so sorry." The mamma's voice was very sad. "There are no shoes here for you."

"It makes no difference, Mamma," the boy said cheerfully. "See? I have fresh heavy rags to wrap around my feet. I am lucky."

Brownie Shoes' eyes popped open wide. "Rags! How awful! I am really needed here."

He tried his best to call out to Boy, but no one heard him. Then someone bumped against the side of the box and knocked it over onto

the floor. That was Brownie Shoes' big chance. Out he rolled, right up against Boy's feet.

"Shoes! Boy's shoes!" shrieked Mamma.

Boy dropped down on both knees beside Brownie Shoes. He couldn't seem to speak. Then he swooped down upon Brownie Shoes and hugged him up into both arms so tightly that Brownie Shoes panted, "Not so hard!" But he really liked it. "No one ever loved me this much before. Not even when I was new and shiny."

"Try them on," Mamma cried. "Quickly! Put them on."

Very carefully Boy put his feet into Brownie Shoes. He pulled the laces gently and tied them in a bow.

"How careful he is," thought Brownie Shoes in surprise. Then he remembered how tired he was. He thought about all the blocks he'd run and all the hours he'd skipped and played. "I really deserve a rest. Maybe if I pinch this boy's toes I can go back to sleep."

"My beautiful, beautiful shoes," Boy said proudly, just as though Brownie Shoes were still smooth and shiny and new. Brownie Shoes saw that Mamma kept crying and laughing all at the same time. She was wiping her eyes on her big apron.

SUDDENLY BROWNIE SHOES was the happiest he'd been in his whole life. He was so puffed up with joy that some of his wrinkles disappeared. As for pinching Boy's toes—never!

"I'll make myself soft and comfortable and be kind to all ten of Boy's toes. Maybe they'll put a patch over the thin spot in my sole so I can keep Boy's feet warm and dry."

"Run—show your shoes to Papa," Mamma said to Boy.

Boy walked carefully across the room to the door. For a moment he stood looking down at Brownie Shoes. Then he started to run. "Papa! Papa!" he called.

Brownie Shoes thought he had never run so fast before, but he didn't mind at all. "I guess I am the most important shoes in the whole wide world," he grinned. "This is the nicest thing that ever happened to me."

By FREDERIQUE FREDGE

*Girl-shy boys, boy-shy girls and a
well-worn welcome mat rarely are
found in the same home. Of course
there are many reasons for . . .*



"I had to learn to meet boys
without being flustered."

DATELESS TEEN-AGERS

WHEN I WAS A TEEN-AGER, dating was a thing unheard of in "nice" families. I went to a girls' school where boys were spoken of, but never seen. Later, when I went to the university, I had to learn to meet boys without being flustered, but dating was still a matter for the family council to debate, and my frustrations were many.

Today, thanks to the co-educational system in our schools, from kindergarten on up, boys and girls meet on an equal footing, and such frustrations over dating are a thing of the past. However, each new generation has to learn its lesson in living, and each new generation brings its problems which vary with each individual.

Some parents whose home routines are highly organized will resent the intrusion of the "boy friends"—the way they sprawl all over the place, tracking up the living-room rug, not to mention the noisy brass and drum of the boy friend's choice radio programs, and the banging door of the long-suffering refrigerator. The chances are, Papa will put his foot down, and tell daughter's date to betake himself elsewhere. Besides, he'll tell daughter, ". . . dating is not proper!"

Then what is proper? When does one start growing up? Should daughter keep little secrets and slowly grow away from her family circle? Or should she meet the boy friend at someone's home? Certainly, the street corner is no place to stand and talk. Of course, parents might be so successful as to prevent daughter from having dates altogether, and thus turn their child into a troubled introvert, devoured by frustrations and magnified emotions.

But this is just one phase of the problem. Some parents wish their daughters to date, if only to be in the swing of things, to belong to the crowd, for too often a girl's popularity will rest upon her success in attracting dates. Yet, many a girl will go through high school without being dated sufficiently to satisfy her craving for such popularity. She will feel unwanted, and her bearing will betray her strong feelings, and turn her into an aggressive bundle of nerves.

The other day I overheard two girls discuss a coming event at school, and one of them said, in a desperate tone of voice:

And another girl, passing by, murmured:

"Dear me, she must be desperate."

The chances are the boys are girl-shy—a perfectly legitimate state of mind. In other cases, they simply are not interested in dating girls—also very legitimate. But is it not rather heartbreaking for the many wallflowers who are being thus denied a wholesome good time?

practically insisting on being taken out. Others offer the weak excuse that they are flat broke, and dating a girl is rather expensive.

Of course, it is troublesome to have one's neat home invaded by some brawny creature who'll take over the living room, Papa's personal chair, and sit there till all hours, forcing Papa and Mamma into the kitchen—that is, if Papa and Mamma have retreated and the zone is clear. Papa and Mamma should learn to meet the boy friend, and make him feel welcome, and bring out his better manners, so he will behave like a gentleman.

This phase of growing up is but short-lived, and these are the most important years in a youngster's life. Parents should be aware of the situation and help their sons and daughters toward the more important goals of life even though at the time these things seem to be but trifles.

Here are a few pointers to help you organize a Youth Fellowship. First, secure a fine young couple fond of outdoor sports, fond of laughter and good fun, fond of picnics, sand and ants. Sponsors should not be kill-joys. "Sour-puss" dispositions are definitely out.

In the atmosphere of a pleasant church home, young people build better relationships and all their fears, broodings, and little white lies disappear under the benevolent light of wholesome friendships and a joyful Christian atmosphere. And here the teen-agers find that dating is fun.





"I am looking forward to the time when
I can have another baby."

By Elma D. Duncan

my experience with *natural* childbirth

A JOYOUS DELIVERY! That was a new idea to me and one I liked very much. I had never been able to reconcile my concept of a loving heavenly Father with what I had heard of the birth process among human beings. Elsewhere in nature, at least according to my own observations, the young are brought into the world without signs of great suffering, and it had seemed to me that women should be able to do the same. Dr. Grantly Dick Read, in his book *Childbirth Without Fear*, has expressed ideas which struck a responsive chord in me. He says that it is fear that causes pain in childbirth. When we are afraid we involuntarily bring the wrong muscles into play and the resulting tensions cause very real and severe pain. We are conditioned to fear childbirth by all the statements that we hear about it from the time we are children. I thought of Jesus' often repeated injunction, "Fear not," and I reasoned that birth was a natural process provided for by the Creator and that a normal delivery should be a thrilling experience rather than an ordeal.

When I did become pregnant I got off to a terrible start. Dr. Read had said that he considered most morning sickness to be a conditioned reflex. Nevertheless, I was sick and couldn't seem to convince myself that I wasn't. There was no doctor near me who followed the Read Method, and I settled for one who was sympathetic with my wishes, for he had delivered other women who had requested no anes-

thesia. How well I would make out was pretty much up to me.

There was no evident physiological cause of my nausea, and dramamine kept me from actually losing much of my food. During the fourth month I began to feel better, and in a few weeks I was hardly bothered with nausea at all. The rest of my pregnancy was very ordinary. About the same time that my nausea faded I began to feel life, and from then on I was increasingly reminded that it was a living thing that I harbored inside me. As the baby grew, I felt more and more as if it were trying to kick its way to freedom. I continually thanked God for the child and for my own basically good health, and I earnestly prayed that Jess and I might learn to be good parents.

The baby was due February the tenth, but even three weeks after that date nothing had happened. The doctor, in attempting to relieve my mind, threw me into a momentary panic by mentioning that the baby could always be delivered by Caesarean section if it got too large to be born naturally. A Caesarean would have been an awful letdown after nine months' preparation for a natural delivery. The next week, the doctor examined me again and said that I wouldn't have to wait much longer. He also told me that it was quite a large baby but that I seemed to have plenty of room for it. I then felt very foolish and weak in faith for having worried so.

This last visit to the doctor's office was on Friday. The following Tuesday night I didn't go to bed when

my husband did because I was quite uncomfortable. I thought my discomfort was caused by gas. I had been bothered with it quite a bit as the baby got larger and there was less and less room for the gas. I sat up and embroidered for about an hour and then went to bed. However, I didn't stay there long because I couldn't go to sleep and I was afraid that I would wake my husband.

About twelve-thirty I began to have recognizable contractions. I timed them and they were two and a half to three minutes apart. I didn't know what to think. I had always read that they would start about fifteen minutes apart and get closer as labor progressed. I dressed and went in to wake my husband. I shook him gently and said, "Jess, I think you'd better get up. I've never felt like this before."

"Okay," he muttered sleepily, not offering to move. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, you never felt like this before." Then, "Oh!" he exclaimed, and sat bolt upright in bed. He dressed with difficulty, and we walked a few doors down to my sister-in-law's house to call the doctor. He had instructed me to call him when I started having contractions. I felt quite guilty about calling anyone at that hour, and since my contractions weren't following the prescribed pattern, I was afraid maybe they would stop and I would have waked everyone to no avail. But the doctor said for me to come to the hospital.

On the way to the hospital, we timed my contractions and they were still three minutes apart. They stayed that way while they took my name, escorted me to the maternity ward, put me to bed and examined me. Thereafter it seemed to me that the nurse was always examining me—a most unpleasant sensation.

There was another woman in the room with me, and I am quite grateful to her. She was going to have her third baby and was calm and quiet. If there had been someone there screaming and carrying on, I don't think that I could have made out as well as I did. The nurse gave the other woman a sedative shot and asked me if I wanted one, too. I said, "Not yet." After that, our husbands came in and sat with us.

Strength and Weakness

The strength of human weakness lies

In trusting God to guide;

The weakness borne of human strength

Is arrogance and pride.

By FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

A fireside means so much to me:

A place where many friends

May come and linger leisurely

Till early dusk descends;

A place where all the family meet

When cold, dark night appears,

And live those moments, simple, sweet,

To treasure through the years;

A place where I can meditate

While embers fade away,

And in that hour quiet and late—

A place to kneel and pray.

By ANNIS RIDINGS

As my contractions got stronger, I found it increasingly harder to relax. I was not in great pain; perhaps the best description of the feeling is "extremely uncomfortable." I've had many things that really hurt worse. Because I fit into Dr. Read's "slightly negative" category, I probably did not practice relaxing as diligently as I might have. It's hard to persevere with nothing but a book as a guide and inspiration. I was quite excited by the new situation. All in all, I was not relaxing as well as I should have. The next time the nurse came in to give the other woman a shot, she asked me if I wanted one, too. I decided that it might help me to relax, so I said, "Oh, you might as well." I'm sorry now that I let her give it to me because I think it only served to muddle the sequence of events in my mind. Finally, one contraction was so severe that I felt compelled to bear down. Not long after that, they put me on a little cart and wheeled me to the delivery room.

THE DELIVERY TABLE was such a satisfaction; I at last had something to push against. The table had metal cups that my thighs fit into and handgrips that I could pull against. From the time they put me on the table, my discomfort vanished. I had a great urge to push with the contractions, but nothing hurt. I was aware of a stretching sensation, which was no more unpleasant than stretching my hand to reach an octave on the piano keyboard. My doctor was there and it was good to see a familiar face.

I looked around the room. There was a big wall clock, a counter of some sort, the door through which I had entered, and a door to another room, on my left. At my feet were windows, and to my right were instrument cabinets. A nurse wearing a mask sprayed the stretched birth passage with merthiolate. It burned, and I let out an involuntary little, "Oooo!"

She said, "Burns, doesn't it?"

Another doctor came in from the adjoining room and greeted my doctor with, "Hi, John! They got us out early this morning, didn't they?"

My doctor said, "They sure did. I haven't had my breakfast yet."

Then the other doctor looked at me and said, "She's not making as much fuss as most of them, is she?"

My doctor said, "No, she's having this the old-fashioned way."

I wasn't just being stoic; there was nothing to fuss about.

While I had my eyes closed during a very hard push I felt the doctor run his finger around what must have been the baby's head. Then he said, "It's a boy." I looked up in amazement. I hadn't realized the child had been born. He held up my wonderful, ugly, slimy little boy and laid him on a sheet on my tummy. He didn't cry at all, and I remarked on how quiet he was. I was so dazed by the wonder of it all that I didn't even try to touch him right away. At the same time I started to put my hand out to touch him, the nurse took my wrist and strapped it down, and another nurse took Paul and put him in a basket on the counter to my left. He fussed a little about that.

It wasn't until then that I thought to look at the clock. It was a little before six, and I asked the nurse what the exact time of his birth had been. She told me five forty-five. I had been in labor only about five hours and this was my first baby. A nurse said that Paul weighed eight pounds and two ounces. I was again amazed. He had been so late that I was expecting at least a ten-pounder. Grandmother had told me that my father was a month late and weighed twelve pounds at birth.

The nurse strapped down my other wrist, and the doctor pushed down on my tummy to help bring the afterbirth. Then he took some stitches made necessary by a slight tear in the perineum. He had not performed an episiotomy because it would have been painful; I wasn't aware of the tear at all. However, I was very much aware of the stitches. If there is any sort of local anesthetic to alleviate this pain, I certainly think it should be given. When the doctor was through with me, the nurse rolled the cart to the side of the table. From habit, I started to scoot over on my back, but she told me to roll over onto my stomach. It was wonderful to be able to lie on my stomach again! She took me down the hall and I heard Jess's voice. I kept lifting my head to see him, and she kept saying, "Put your head down." I don't know why. I wasn't dizzy at all.

All of the first day, I felt happy but sleepy and I dozed every chance I got. They brought Paul in to me that evening. He was peeling like a little snake

and wasn't very pretty, but he seemed wonderful to me. The next day, I got out of bed and sat in a chair for awhile; each day after that, I stayed up longer and moved around a little more. The whole time that I was in the hospital, I felt wonderfully elated, even though I missed my husband very much. I felt that God had greatly blessed us. My milk came in early the fourth day, and once Paul decided to take hold, I nursed him easily. We went home on the fifth day, and by the time Paul was six weeks old, I had fully regained my strength. Paul's birth was a wonderful experience, and I am looking forward to the time when I can have another baby. I think maybe the next time will be even better than the first.

Addendum

A mother's tasks I knew were these:

To stitch new patches on the knees

Of jeans and trousers wearing through

Because of stunts a boy can do.

To plan the meals and cook to taste,

And budget so there is no waste;

To dust and sweep with cloth and broom

And add a freshness to each room.

To wash and iron the family clothes,

And see that everybody knows

Just where the items can be found

Which had been scattered all around. . . .

And now I learned of something more

From our son, Dickie, almost four.

He came to me and asked today,

"When will you have some time to play?"

MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCaw

There's Always

*Memories and a sympathetic
understanding enable*

Grandmother to rescue

her son and his family

from a psychologically

dangerous situation

Illustrated by LESLIE BENSON



"Why do you call your grandmother 'Andy'?" Kenneth Miller was asking. "Can't you pronounce the word 'grandmother' correctly?"

A Story

By ANNE DARKWOOD

IF YOU haven't met the three Bronsons—Peter, his wife Sue, and their six-year-old Johnny—you know dozens of families like them. Life in their not-quite-large-enough suburban house doesn't always run smoothly. But neither does it seethe with those emotional crises that seem so often to wrack the people who live in peathouses.

In spite of chronic budget trouble and the normal quota of family spats the Bronsons are happy and well pleased with one another.

At least they were until Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their six-year-old Kenneth moved into the house next door.

Peter was at a loss to explain just what was wrong. But when a glance at his watch told him he was going to be late to the office he blamed the Millers. It had become a habit to blame them for everything.

Pausing at the door of his car, he turned in the direction of the house next door and yelled, "Sue!" for the third and last time. His impatience mounted as he watched his wife cross the lawn with slow and stately tread, the worried and uncertain look he associated with any contact between her and Mrs. Miller apparent even at a distance.

"What did she want at this hour of the morning?" he asked, as Sue

offered her cheek for a good-bye kiss.

"She loaned me a book." In fair imitation of her neighbor's precise accents, Sue read the title aloud: *Some Deviations from the Norm—the Precocious and the Backward Child*.

"Subtle, isn't she?" Peter laughed as though it were no skin off his nose.

But Sue's sense of humor had departed with the advent of the Miller family. "You—it's no use talking to you!" she reproached him, and added with sudden determination, "Call Mother when you get to town. Bring her out to dinner."

Peter, brightening at the suggestion, nodded cheerful agreement and was off.

Chubby, freckle-faced Johnny, absorbed in a conversation with a grasshopper and believed well out of earshot, began to gyrate with mad excitement. "Andy's coming! Andy's coming!" he shouted, and clambered up the steps to the Miller house to tell his news.

Sue followed her young son with anxious eyes and straining ears. She saw the two six-year-olds

hester

standing together, and to her it seemed that the tall, lean Kenneth looked down on her roly-poly Johnny from an insufferable superior height.

"Why do you call your grandmother 'Andy'?" Kenneth Miller was asking. "Can't you pronounce the word 'grandmother' correctly?"

Sue ground her teeth.

"Grandmother," young Johnny repeated dutifully and explained, "Her name is 'Andy.'"

Kenneth did not press the point. "Want me to teach you to play chess?" he inquired amiably. Sue held her breath, waiting for Johnny's answer.

"No," he said serenely, "I have to tell my grasshopper Andy's coming." At the foot of the Millers' steps he turned to call over his shoulder, "My grasshopper calls *his* grandmother 'Sandy.'"

Taking a firmer grip on the book about precocious and backward children which Mrs. Miller had given her, Sue went into the house and slammed the kitchen door.

THAT evening, sitting before the fire, Peter Bronson thought contentedly that Andy's presence had exorcised the Miller curse. It had been a good dinner, seasoned as always by his mother's praise of Sue's culinary skill. Johnny was sound asleep. The latest chapter in Andy's continued story—invented just for him—had held him spellbound. Her good-night kiss and final loving pat on the rounded hump under the bedclothes worked magic. Without even once calling for a drink of water, Johnny was asleep, knowing that all was secure in his world.

But the moment of peace was only prelude to storm. Abruptly Sue said, "Andy, I think I ought to take Johnny to a psychiatrist."

Peter Bronson sprang to his feet ready to give battle. "Nuts!" he said, and added grimly, "I don't mean Johnny, I mean you."

That comfortable quality of limitless understanding which was Andy's peculiar charm flowed toward Sue checking the angry answer on her lips. "Tell us about it, dear," she said placidly, and added, "Please, Peter—don't *prowl!*" Reluctant but obedient, her son sat down.

"He seems all right—so far," Sue began. "But sooner or later he's bound to get an inferiority complex living next door to that Miller child. Kenneth's so much taller than Johnny is for his age, smart, too, and more athletic. He even rides a two-wheel bike."

"I'm going to get Johnny a two-wheeler tomorrow," his father said with decision. "No reason at all for him to peddle around on that old tricycle any longer," he beamed with the complacency of a man who has hit on the solution to a baffling family problem.

But Sue turned on him with scorn. "Nonsense!" she said. "You don't know the first thing about child psychology. It would be worse if he *had* a two-wheeler, because he isn't up to managing one yet. Besides, that Miller child reads books, plays *chess*—why he's got an I.Q. as high as Einstein's! He's in the genius class."

"I can walk into a store and buy a two-wheeler," Peter insisted. "But I can't buy Johnny a new I.Q. You see how impractical she is, Andy. Maybe I wouldn't know an inferiority complex if I saw one. But I know my own son, and he seems okay to me."

"I don't think there's anything seriously wrong with him, yet," Sue conceded. "But he's showing symptoms. He—well—he's retreating from reality. Poor lamb, he talks to *grasshoppers*. He seems to know he can't compete with Kenneth Miller, but a grasshopper—"

"All kids like grasshoppers," Pete broke in. "I was crazy about them, wasn't I, Andy?"

"Were you?" Andy was amused. "I don't remember. But I'll never forget how you used to punch little Chester in the nose. I suppose

they'd say today that was a sign of your inferiority complex, but then I just didn't know what to call the thing I was afraid of when little Chester was around."

"Who in the world was little Chester?" Sue wanted to know.

"My best friend's child. Ugh, how I hated him!"

More than words, the glint of malice that kindled Andy's gentle eyes startled them both. Dropping the familiar pet name, Peter and Sue cried, "Mother!" in an instinctive call to the Andy they knew.

She responded with a warm smile, but her eyes did not soften.

Sue focused all her attention on her mother-in-law. "I want to hear about this little Chester," she said.

ANDY was deep in her memories for a long moment but finally she spoke. "When Evelyn Turner and I were first married, we struck up one of those intimate friendships. You know how it is, Sue—confidences about everything from budget troubles to lovers' quarrels."

"Not me and Mrs. Miller," Sue said firmly. "I wouldn't tell her the time of day."

"Well," her mother-in-law continued, "that's how it was with me and Evelyn Turner. The first minute I suspected I was pregnant, I told Evelyn. It turned out she was just going to tell me she thought she was, too. That seemed pretty wonderful to us. We shopped around together for everything from layettes to obstetricians, and engaged adjoining rooms in the same hospital. We figured out our babies would be born on the same day—like twins."

"To think I waited twenty-five years to learn I was a twin," Peter broke in with mock reproach.

"You weren't," his mother said, the fire of old resentment burning brighter in her eyes. "Little Chester jumped the gun on you right from the start. He was born ten whole days ahead of schedule. He weighed eight pounds, six ounces. A real pink and white baby, pretty as a talcum powder ad. While you —"

(Continued on page 40.)

Family
Fun

with

Famous
Folks

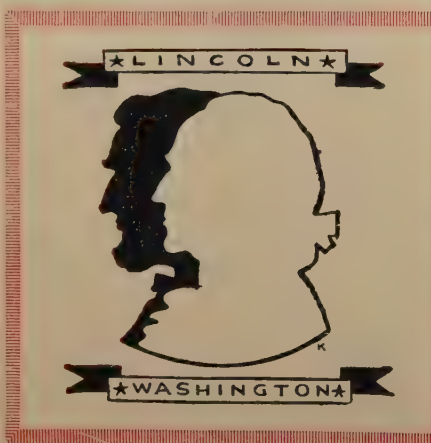
FEBRUARY IS THE MONTH in which the older members of the family can reminisce, the middle-aged can take stock of what they are accomplishing, the young people can make plans for the future, and the children can try to master the things in school and out, they are supposed to know. It is also a month when the people of different ages are drawn more closely together in the fellowship of fun and laughter. In this month most social activities are carried on indoors, often around a cozy fireplace, and friendships seem to grow a bit warmer because of these congenial gatherings.

So in February, as we think of our two famous Presidents, Lincoln and Washington, let us plan an evening of fun and relaxation, playing the old-fashioned games our forefathers and their families enjoyed so much in an earlier day. Among these, we find the game **Jacob and Rachel**, which it is possible Washington himself may have played, or watched the youngsters play.

For this a boy and a girl are chosen to be Jacob and Rachel, and they take their places in the center of the room. All the other players form a circle around them, holding hands so the circle can be kept intact and Rachel will not be tempted to break out. Jacob is then blindfolded and must catch Rachel.

By LOIE BRANDOM

Jacob starts the game by asking, "Rachel, where art thou?" Rachel replies, "Here am I, Jacob," and at once tiptoes to some other part of the circle. Rachel may stoop, dodge, skip, or do anything to keep Jacob from catching her, so long as she stays within the ring. Jacob may repeat his question if he does not hear Rachel moving about, and she must answer. When Rachel is caught, Jacob takes a place in the circle, Rachel is blindfolded and



chooses a new Jacob, and it is then her turn to call, "Where art thou, Jacob?" Thus the game goes on until several have had a chance to be Jacob or Rachel.

America. Divide the players into two groups of equal number. Place as many chairs as there are players, in rows of two down the center of the room. All the members of one group are blindfolded and sit in half of the chairs, each in a different row. Thus, each blindfolded player has a vacant chair next to

*Old-fashioned games,
carefree participants,
simple refreshments . . .
Presto—family fun!*

him. (It is nice to let the older members of the family groups be blindfolded and occupy the first of the chairs as guessers.) The group not blindfolded very quietly take the vacant chairs and must not say a word that would identify them. Someone at the piano—or they can sing without musical accompaniment—plays the first verse of "America." The ones who are not blindfolded must sing the words while their blindfolded partners listen and try to tell who they are by their voices. The singers may disguise their voices.

After the first stanza, those whose voices have been recognized exchange places with the blindfolded ones, while those whose voices are still unidentified remain in the same places until finally identified.

Jack Straws is one of the better-known old-fashioned games, and the following is an adaptation of that popular pastime. A large pile of either white lima or navy beans, each bearing a number written on it with black ink, is placed in the center of a big table. Each player is provided with two toothpicks and a saucer. At the signal "go," each contestant tries to transfer as many beans as possible from the pile

(Continued on page 42.)

On February Fourteenth!



*A children's party in
which the old familiar
games they like are
spiced with originality*

TELL any child that there's a valentine party in the offing and he'll be excited, for the day is one of childhood's annual highlights. The affair can be quite simple and inexpensive, so long as red hearts and valentines are very much in evidence.

Children like to send invitations, so let them make their own, using any ideas they may have. Theirs may be far more original than yours! If they'd like to print a verse on the invitations, it should be of their wording so far as possible. . . . Something like this:

Valentine's Day

Is very gay;

So come on over,

And join our play;

4 o'clock

Tuesday

Susan

The games selected will depend upon the ages of the youngsters, but almost any of them will like *making valentines*, no matter how crude the finished products may be. Have all sorts of valentine-makings on a large table or on small ones, and as the little folks ar-

rive, set them at the absorbing task. There should be red and white papers cut into workable sizes, lace paper strips and doilies, red and white paper ribbon, floral, bird and heart seals, crayons, round pointed scissors, and envelopes of various sizes into which the children may slip their creations when completed. A wide variety of such materials is always on sale in the five-and-ten-cent stores during February.

When the valentines are finished, mark each one with its creator's name. Collect them.

A Valentine March. Arrange chairs as in "Marching to Jerusalem," with one chair less than there are children. Give each child a big red paper or cardboard heart which he is to carry in his two hands as the group starts marching around the chairs to the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell." To this tune they will sing:

Valentine's Day is here,
Valentine's Day is here,
We are having lots of fun,
'Cause Valentine's Day is
here!

When the music stops, instead of everyone scrambling for a chair, each child should try to put his paper heart upon a chair. Only one heart may be placed on a chair. The per-

By LOUISE PRICE BELL

son who fails to get his heart on a chair must drop out. A chair is then removed and the game continues. Eventually, there will be one chair and two hearts—and then there will be excitement!

If the children are old enough, give each one a new lead pencil and a large sheet of paper with "St. Valentine's Day" written at the top. Tell them there is to be a race to see who can write the most words using each of the letters in "St. Valentine's Day." Set an alarm clock to ring at the end of ten minutes. As a prize, give the winner all the red pencils that were previously handed to the players to use for the game. He'll love that!

Keep Your Heart in Balance. Pass the same red hearts used in the "Valentine March." Have the youngsters stand in line about the room. They are to put the hearts on their heads and balance them there without touching them. When the music starts they begin to march. The music should be slow at first, then alternately fast and slow, to make it difficult for the children to keep the hearts balanced atop their heads. The child who can keep his or her heart from toppling to the floor, without using his hands, is the winner and should receive a box of red-and-white notepaper as an award.

(Continued on page 42.)

STUDY GUIDE

on "Learning About Homes in Other Lands"

General Suggestions for the Meeting

1. This study could be made much more interesting if a foreign student or missionary is available as a resource person. However, this person will be more valuable if the leader or the group ask questions and interview him, rather than having him as a "special speaker." Plan on sharing him with the children for at least part of the period. This was done recently in our church. The parents who were the guests were from India—graduate students at a local university. They visited the kindergarten group that meets during the church service. The children asked questions that interested them, such as "What does your little boy like best to eat?" When the guests were ready to say good-by, one enthusiastic five-year-old threw his arms about the Indian lady, and said, "You are the nicest lady in the whole world." She was entirely overwhelmed. The next week these kindergarten children made little gifts for the children of India.

2. The article suggests six points of similarity in Christian families around the world. Each of these should be developed further and discussed, preferably by six people who were previously appointed to do a little research.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. What customs do you observe in your home that really originated in other countries?

2. Very little material is given in the article concerning the problems parents everywhere have in common. Suggest some. Which of these would be acute for the Stephens family? (See *Missions*, May, 1951, p. 306, "The Christian Home in a Modern Role," by Ada P. Stearns.)

3. Suggest and describe some American families whose contribution has been similar to the Ki Kutas. See Thomas Curtis Clark's series of articles on great men, which appeared in *Hearthstone* in 1951.

4. "Now Here's a Problem!"

a) A serious problem facing foreign-born parents now living in America is that of reconciling their beliefs and customs with those of Americans so that they will be compatible and practical enough for their children to use. Dan Gemung, Director of All Peoples' Community Center, Los Angeles, California, says that the guidance of their adolescent youth constitutes one of the most difficult problems the Orientals have. Often the parents speak English poorly, if at all, and the children do not learn the parents' language, and so the breach

becomes wider. Are the needs of adolescents the same everywhere?

b) The matter of sex education and preparation for marriage is made more difficult in many countries by old customs and taboos.

c) Many superstitious rites and customs are practiced in various countries when death comes to the family. Do any of these exist in America? What is the Christian interpretation? (See *World*

When Children Come with You

plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories about the customs of other people with a chance for simple, quick dramatizations interest children. Such stories may be found in the primary and junior story papers, or from a book of stories borrowed from the church or public library.

Guide in Making Valentines. Children can make valentines for parents, other children, missionaries and others. To make a tiny flowerpot and plant, color an empty spool, and then insert pipe cleaners in the hole for stems, to which are attached small red hearts or flowers. This might be used to decorate a hospital tray. Suggestions for valentines are often found in the primary and junior story papers.

Direct Games. Games which are fun and help in understanding children of other countries can be found in *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen. Excellent songs of other countries are contained in the book *The Whole World Singing*, by Edith Lovell Thomas. Children will enjoy singing these songs; they will also like to look at the pictures and hear the stories of *Bedtime Around the World*, a series by Nina Millen and Janet Smalley. If possible, have a foreign student as a visitor.

Call, September, 1950, "Singing Silhouettes."

d) With war raging in parts of the world and mistrust and unrest everywhere, how can families teach the principles of peace? What if your family

were Korean, Japanese, German, or Filipino?

e) How can we help each other explain the father's absence because of military service?

f) What are some health hazards that are common to people of all countries (See *Hearthstone*, July, 1950, "Christian Parents Look at Health," by Mary Peacock.)

g) What do we mean by the statement, "Home Builders Are World Builders"?

h) How would you keep bitterness and cynicism from your family if you were a Negro? Educational opportunities are limited; health facilities are often not available; work at the job your son or daughter may choose may not be obtainable because of their race; good housing will likely be hard to find. One successful Negro social worker says that his parents gave him security and self-confidence when he was very small by telling him not to be concerned about the actions of white people toward him—he should just remember that white people did not love their children as his parents loved him. How can this man give his small son this same feeling of security that he had, by basing it on a truthful statement? (See *Missions*, Feb., 1951, "Is Prejudice Poisoning Our Children?" and Feb., 1951, "Do We Really Believe in Human Rights?")

i) What are some of the most important goals of Christian family life everywhere?

Additional Resources

World Call (Disciples) and *Missions* (Baptist) magazines.

The Family Lives Its Religion, by Myrtle and Percy Hayward.

Faith of Our Children, by Mary Alice Jones.

Committed Unto Us, by Willis Lamot, chapter 6.

Tales From Latin America, by Frank Mead. Friendship True Stories of Evangelical Christians. (Friendship Press.)

Tragedy and Faith in Korea, by Underwood (pamphlet, 50c).

Christian Symbols in a World Community, by Daniel J. Fleming.

In the Direction of Dreams, by Violet Wood.

See also the series of articles on "Family Life on the Mission Field," in *Hearthstone* during 1952. See pages 10-12 in this issue.

By RUTH E. LENTZ

Books for the Hearth Side



Abraham Lincoln has been the subject of countless writers, and now a new book written especially for children has come from the pen of a well-known writer, Clara Ingram Judson. **Abraham Lincoln, Friend of the People** (Wilcox & Follett, 206 pages, \$2.50) begins at Knob Creek Farm, where Lincoln's childhood memories began. This satisfying biography based on accurate sources of information, shows the familiar characteristics of the backwoods boy who became President and preserved his nation. It is simple enough for a fifth-grade reader yet absorbing enough for family reading. It would be an excellent book to read aloud in the family. The lovely pictures by Robert Frankenberg add to the interest.

Children frequently ask questions which their parents find are hard to answer. **Can You Tell Me?** by Dena Korfker (Zondervan Publishing House, 96 pages, \$1.50) gives the answers to many of them. The book is divided into questions about the child himself, the world, the animals in the world, God, and heaven. It would be very helpful for parents to read in anticipation of the questions their children will ask, and from it to formulate their own answers.

Primary children are concerned about the right way to act. **With My Whole Heart**, by Frances Dunlap Heron (Westminster Press, 50 pages, 65 cents), is a series of stories about a little boy and his sister. The meaning of eight of the Ten Commandments is brought out in the stories, although the Commandments are not mentioned. These stories tell about the children at home, at church and at school, and will help a child to understand his religious heritage in terms of everyday actions and decisions. The book is charmingly illustrated by Gertrude Howe.

His Name Was Jesus, by Mary Alice Jones (Rand McNally, 208 pages, \$2.50) begins with the visit of the boy Jesus to the Temple, and weaves the significant events of the life of Jesus into an intensely dramatic story. The reader will see Jesus in his home and among his friends, first as a boy and later as a man. He will realize more clearly his helpfulness and friendliness, his patience and understanding even in the face of ridicule and persecution, and his courage and strength in suffering. The author, with careful scholarship and lively imagination, has created a book that should appeal to older juniors and young people, and also one which the whole family would enjoy reading aloud together. The lovely pictures by Raffaello Bassani add much to the reality of this moving story.

If you have small fry begging to help you in the kitchen, Peggy Hoffmann has written a book that will solve your problem. It is **Miss B.'s First Cookbook** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.75). As you would expect, there are recipes which are

simple enough for any little "Miss B." to prepare, but you will be delighted with the one-two-three directions printed in large type and decorated with crayon-like drawings. The items to be prepared can actually add to the noon lunch or evening meal, too, for among them are "South of the Border Eggs," "Cocoa," "He-Man Hamburgers," "Oyster Stew," "Waffles," and "Pineapple Skillet Cake." As Miss B.'s mother says in her message to other little girls, the book aims to give two kinds of satisfaction: satisfaction in the process of cooking; and satisfaction in the result. All in all, it should help develop interest and skill in the worthy art of cooking, at a very early age.

As the daughter of one minister and the wife of another, Anna Laura Gebhard certainly should know what goes on behind the **Parsonage Doorway!** (Published by Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville. 144 pages, price \$1.75.) Her little book, written with warmth and candor as well as charm, lets the reader in on some of those happenings which are made lively and unpredictable by the energies of four children. It is a picture of family life in the parsonage of a small Minnesota town that reveals how completely human is the minister's family. At the same time, the peculiar problems that come to the parsonage doorway show that such a family must have more than human resources to meet them. The reader will find a great variety in this little book—sadness and gladness, bane and blessing, pain and pleasure. The numerous line drawings by Janet Smalley add their own touch of humor and interest to the book. All who have read the author's **Rural Parish** will want to read **Parsonage Doorway**. Those who have not, will rejoice to read both.

Most persons who have the responsibility of training young children are eagerly seeking a better understanding of their needs and their behavior. **The Nursery School**, by Katherine H. Read (Wm. B. Saunders Co., 264 pages, \$3.50), is a rich source of information and practical help for both parents and teachers. The author is head of the School of Home Economics at Oregon State College, where the nursery school is a laboratory for prospective teachers and the nursery school course is a required one.

Dr. Read emphasizes the importance of relationships between people and the importance of their feelings. As human beings, she says, we must understand and accept our own feelings and those of the members of our group. She describes the experiences common to all children, and suggests ways to help them adjust to new experiences or to routine situations. She explains how to handle situations in which emotions are very strong, such as feelings of confidence, adequacy, hostility and aggression; how to define and maintain limits for behavior; and how to develop desirable relationships in groups.

There's Always Chester

(From page 35.)

"A measly five pounds," Sue interrupted. "You told me once—"

"That if he looked like anything human it was his grandfather Bronson after he had tried to rob a beehive. Very red, very bulbous as to nose. . . . The ugliest baby I ever saw," his mother affirmed, looking at her son as if he still were. "But that was only the beginning. Little Chester slept through the night, while you, Pete, yowled for your ten o'clock bottle. Little Chester was dry in the morning, but you went on wetting your bed without inhibition. By the time you learned to say, 'Agoo,' little Chester was talking in sentences. It was so *funny*! That's what Evelyn said, and also that it was just a *scream*!"

"I'll bet it was no joke to you," Sue murmured sympathetically.

"Little Chester," Andy went on, "was really one for the books. His I.Q. must have been higher than Kenneth Miller's and Einstein's together. He was right up at the head of the genius class. He compounded fractions before Pete found out that two and two make four. He had lovely manners, excelled in sports, and his social adjustment was absolutely perfect. So modest, too. It was a *riot*, according to his mother, that little Chester never suspected how wonderful he was."

"My poor Pete," Sue said tenderly. "I don't blame him for punching little Chester in the nose. Did he show other symptoms, Andy, besides aggressiveness?"

"I suppose so," his mother answered. "But what I remember most is my own consuming hatred for little Chester. I was ashamed of it then and I guess I still am. Why, I hated that child even after he and his parents moved to another city."

THERE was silence for a moment, and then Sue asked, "What ever happened to little Chester?"

Andy laughed. "You guessed it, Sue," she said. "I always had to keep trying to find out—it was a kind of obsession. He graduated from college at eighteen, *magna cum laude*. Made the all-American football team, belonged to the best fraternity, was president of his class. But he wasn't such a genius after all."

"How do you know?" Sue asked breathlessly.

Andy laughed loud and long. "Sometimes," she said, "I used to imagine that he had turned out to be one of those really super-colossal misfits. You know—a million-dollar embezzler, or a crime wizard who was at last caught committing the perfect murder. In my secret and wicked soul I wanted little Chester to be the instrument of Evelyn's comeuppance. In a way, maybe he was."

"What happened?"

"Why nothing—nothing unusual, that is. He took a position with an insurance

company and married. Today, I suppose his mother and I are the only two people in the world who remember when Chester Turner started talking in sentences and stopped wetting his bed. But you, Pete, what about you? What do you remember about him?"

Sue watched her husband as though her life depended on his answer. "Very little. He's awfully vague to me," Peter Bronson answered. "I never thought of him as anything special. You and Dad always gave me the feeling I was about the best kid anybody could have."

Sue crossed the room to sit on the arm of her mother-in-law's chair.

Live Long and Like It

(From page 4.)

(On the back page of the printed program were these words of encouragement and inspiration for the members:)

"Life is a constant becoming: all stages lead to the beginning of others."—George Bernard Shaw.

Notable Achievements of Men and Women in Their Later Years

- The Greek philosopher, Socrates, learned to play a flute after 70.

- John Adams, second president of the United States, actively participated in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention at the age of 85.

- The famous American suffragist and reformer, Susan B. Anthony, was president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association until she was 80.

- The French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, starred in the play, "Danil," in London at 75.

- The German poet, Goethe, completed his famous poem, "Faust," when he was 82.

- The great mathematician, Sir Isaac Newton, made some of his most important discoveries after the age of 75.

- Titian, the Italian artist, painted his famous "Annunciation" at 90.

- The composer, Verdi, wrote his opera, "Falstaff," when he was 80.

- Dr. Lillian Martin, psychologist, learned to drive a car after the age of 75.

"You're a sly one, Andy," she said, and now she was laughing, too. "You've been giving us a chapter from the best books on child psychology. Even the one Mrs. Miller loaned me says, *it's the parents, not the kids, who cause all the problem children.*"

Money Won't Buy It

(From page 9.)

too. You've got it in you—if you can learn to forget all that sentimental business! Sentiment's got no place in this business!"

Inside the office were a half-dozen men, some connected with the office, some not. Tom paid no attention to any of them. He walked up to the manager of the concern and declared: "I'm turning in my samples. I'm quitting."

Tad Hendricks was astonished. His small eyes widened. "Oh, say!" he protested, "you don't mean that, Tom! Why, you're going to be all right! You're going to do fine! Look boy, you can make some real money in this business. After you get going, you'll clear a thousand a month! Don't get discouraged; keep on—"

But Tom smiled and shook his head. "No, I'm quitting, Tad."

Outside again, he walked slowly toward the bus line to catch a bus for home. Along this street, a few blocks farther down were rows of large, expensive homes. On the street on which Tom Bishop lived were rows of neat, white-painted small cottages. Yet essentially both types of homes were the same. In each were tables and chairs and beds and lamps. In each, people lived and ate and slept. And their needs were the same. They could sleep in only one bed at a time; they could eat just so much food. In the final analysis the fact that one home had more, or more expensive furniture than another meant very little. It was the inner feeling behind it all, the peace and contentment and satisfaction that counted.

Suddenly Tom sighed. He knew his father would be coming home soon from his work—dressed in blue shirt and overalls—and that his mother would meet him, her blue eyes sunny and unclouded. It was a feeling, and an atmosphere, that money couldn't buy.

And Tom realized that it was the fact that this particular company for which he had been working was a "high pressure" type was what had been troubling him. *I'm a salesman*, Tom thought, surprised that he was so sure of himself now. *But I've got to sell a product on the merits of the product itself and not because I have a quota to meet or want to make a lot of money.*

He took a deep breath and a warm feeling swept through him. For a little while he'd thought maybe Tad Hendricks was right; maybe he was a fool. He knew better now. He knew that being able to face his conscience without shrinking or shame was a feeling that money couldn't buy.

Family Traditions

(From page 19.)

story. There are many stories from the Bible and from present-day life which families might use to meet a wide range of age and interest. Family reading is one of the great cements of family unity.

Third, families can use the planting of seeds as the occasion for a religious ritual. When the season arrives for the planting of vegetable and flower gardens, parents may make an important occasion of the burying of seeds in the ground. Scriptures abound which point up simply the truths about nature and the God of nature. Children enjoy planting and cultivating gardens and watching plants grow. By making a sacrament of the planting of a few seeds, parents may increase their children's knowledge, their sense of dedication, their joy in the wonders of God's world.

Isaiah has an important enjoiner for us: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations. Spare not. Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes."⁵ From many sides we are told that we must fortify the family and the home. Rituals can help provide a security which no amount of insurance can give. And family rituals can be fun.

⁵Isaiah 54:2. American Standard Version.

Christian Influences

(From page 21.)

The task of the parent is not finished when the child is adequately fed, clothed, and housed. Human history has shown that these need not be the essentials upon which the future conduct of the child depends. Rather, the attitudes and the deeds, the standards and the goals of the parents have influences far greater in human welfare than food or clothing or shelter.

It is important, then, that parents should realize that they themselves first must be Christian before they can ever hope to lead their children in Christian ways. They must feel the responsibility for establishing and maintaining a Christian standard of living in the home. They must take the lead in formulating for themselves and for their children Christian patterns of conduct.

In a list of "Things I Can Give My Child," Constance J. Foster makes these suggestions: I can give my child a belief in God, faith in prayer, and familiarity with the Bible, the habit of grace at table, the great hymns of the past, the treasure of poetry, the knowledge that he is loved, the discipline of hard work, and a tough but tender heart. "These," she says, "have everlasting values no bombs can destroy nor can an enemy confiscate them." And, we may add, these have values, which are needed now, as ever, if the home is to be truly Christian. We cannot pass over or ignore

the Christian influences in the family and expect to create homes that are Christian. The odds are too great!

Putty-Legs

(From page 26.)

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" called Jane, but Jimmy didn't answer, so Jane ran upstairs as fast as her little legs would carry her, crying, "Jimmy! Jimmy!" all the way.

"What?" mumbled Jimmy without looking up.

"Oh, Jimmy!" panted Jane. "Come here quick. Putty-Legs is alive! Putty-Legs is breathing!"

Good manners are the technic of expressing consideration for the feelings of others.

Alice Duer Miller

"Oh," said Jimmy, "a doll can't breathe. What are you talking about?"

"But she is, Jimmy," Jane insisted. "Come and see."

So Jimmy tumbled down the basement steps after Jane to see what she was talking about.

"Right over here, Jimmy, in the old gray box," Jane said.

"Why, she is breathing!" cried Jimmy, his eyes as big as Jane's.

"I'm scared to pick her up, Jimmy, aren't you?" Jane whispered.

Now Jimmy didn't like to pick her up either, but he didn't want Jane to think he was scared, so he said, "No, I'm not scared. I'll pick her up." He reached in easy-like, and moved Putty-Legs just a little.

"Squeak-squeak," came a funny little sound from inside the box.

Jimmy and Jane both jumped.

"Did—did she say something, Jimmy?" asked Jane.

Just then a gray mother mouse ran out of the box. Jane squealed, but Jimmy began to laugh. "I think I know what's making old Putty-Legs breathe," he said.

"What?" asked Jane breathlessly.

Jimmy stepped up to the box again and pulled Putty-Legs' dress up very carefully. And there, right in Putty-Legs' middle, lay a whole nest of little pink baby mice. They were breathing up and down, up and down.

"Oh!" cried Jane.

Jimmy put Putty-Legs' dress back down. "See?" he said. "It's the mice

that are breathing instead of Putty-Legs."

That night, Daddy carried the box out, and when he brought it back, Putty-Legs didn't breathe anymore. But Jane was sure her dolly slept happily in the old gray box, for wasn't she the only doll that had ever breathed?

A Meditation for Parents

(From page 23.)

the parents, nor make them feel that they have been let down because the child is seeking knowledge elsewhere, even though they had taken good care to give him all the information he should need. The child is merely seeking confirmation of what his parents have taught him. What greater opportunity does this hold for the church than to provide this education? And what other body can best meet this opportunity?

"And he said to them, 'How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house?'" Is anything more heartwarming than to see the child respond to the teaching he has received? To see him respond to the good influences that have played upon his life? Here is Jesus responding by making an important decision in life, that of taking responsibility for his Father's business as his business. Jesus had perhaps always been taught that God's business was his business, and that he had a definite part to play in the coming of the Messiah. How great is the responsibility, then, of Christian educators in the home and in the church, in preparing the child for such decisions in adolescence and in later life.

Reading on, we find that "they [his mother and his father] did not understand the saying which he spoke to them." Does this ring true today? So often parents and educators do the teaching, but not in the way it should be done—that is, they fail to take the child into account. They do not try to understand and know the child through fellowship and companionship with him, and hence they do not see his needs and potentialities, nor their own opportunities and responsibilities.

"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was obedient to them; and his mother kept all these things in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man." Christian educators, along with Christian parents, should be aware of the reactions of the child during every stage of his growth and development. Only then can they make it possible for the child to reach the fullest growth in mind, body and soul. This is the birthright of every child, and no one has the right to withhold it from him. Then he, too, may increase "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

Family Fun

(From page 36.)

to her saucer, using only the toothpicks to carry the beans. At the end of a previously arranged period, time is called and everyone adds together the numbers on the beans in his saucer. The player with the highest score is the winner.

Stretching. Washington never stretched the truth, but how good will the guests be at stretching, you wonder. Explain to all present that a prize will be given to one who can stretch the farthest, and that a few moments will be allowed in which they can loosen their muscles by practicing. At the end of this mirth-provoking period, and just when the tallest person present feels sure he is going to win, the hostess gives a rubber band to each player and announces that the prize goes to the one who stretches it the farthest without breaking it.

Hoop Rolling is an old, old favorite. For an indoor party use embroidery hoops and propel them with knitting needles instead of sticks. Lay down a string as the starting tape and another as the goal line. And remember to appoint a judge. The race may be run as a relay race with teams, one member running at a time, or it may be run as a simple race with each one running for himself. The winners of the individual races later compete against each other.

Blindman's Buff; Beast, Bird, or Fish; Do This, Do That; Simon Says Thumbs Up; Going to Jerusalem; London Bridge—all these, as well as many others, seem appropriate for February but they are so well known that they need no description here.

Of course, there should be a paper-and-pencil game at some time during the evening, and the game of **Presidents** comes in this category. Have prepared

in advance, slips of paper on which are written the last names of all the Presidents of the United States. Leave blanks for the letters of the first names, thus:

-----Washington; -----
Lincoln, etc. Almost everyone is quite familiar with the last names of our Presidents, but how many can be sure of the first names? This contest may be quite enlightening, as well as a lot of fun. A plaster bust of either Washington or Lincoln would make an appropriate award for the winner, and can be secured at most five-and-tens.

As a closing feature of this jolly affair, have an old-fashioned Pie-eating Contest. Partners are chosen by drawing numbered slips of paper. The boys line up on one side of the room, with the girls on the other side, partners being directly opposite each other. Each girl receives a plate on which is an individual pie and a spoon. At the signal "go," each girl races across to her partner and begins feeding him the pie as fast as possible while he holds both of his hands behind him. The boy who first finishes his pie sufficiently to be able to whistle, becomes the winner. The stunt is made more difficult by lightly buttering the plates before the pies are put on them, so the pies will slip about when the girls try to cut them. All holds on the pies are barred.

Refreshments should, if possible, carry out a red-and-white color scheme. A moderately simple menu might include sandwiches of boiled ham on white bread, celery, potato chips, and cherry pie topped with whipped cream or a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Or a very simple menu would be home-made cherry sodas. To make them, place a scoop of vanilla ice cream at the bottom of a tall glass and slowly fill the glass with ice-cold cherry soda. Serve it with red plastic straws. Pretty, and—Yum, Yum!

Happy birthdays party to you!

On February Fourteenth

(From page 37.)

Love Is Blind. Youngsters like the intrigue of any game in which they are blindfolded. So taking one child at a time, cover his or her eyes with a large valentine paper napkin. Put round-pointed scissors in his right hand, heavy construction paper in the other, and direct him to cut out a heart valentine. The child who cuts what looks most like a heart may wear it the rest of the day.

Valentine Fortunes. Fortunetelling is so popular that it can be included even at a valentine party. On a table, set a heart-decorated valentine box, such as teachers often have for their classes, which the young host or hostess has made ahead of time. Instead of containing valentines, the box will hold fortunes, written upon white hearts with red ink. If desired, these fortunes could be attached to five-and-ten-cent store gifts that would suggest the future of the small funsters. For instance, a wee toy automobile might have this fortune:

An automobile manufacturer you will be

And sell your cars from sea to sea.

A gumdrop might have a card reading:

Your candies will be bought by all,
And your name in lights ten inches tall!

A dime ring:

Your fortune is a wedding ring,
And *Home Sweet Home* you'll always sing!

A thimble:

Adrian may be a good designer,
But you, my dear, will be much finer!

As you and your children stroll through the dime or novelty store, all sorts of ideas for these fortunes will pop into your minds.

SERVE SUPPER at the dining room table, which is covered with either a heart-and-Cupid decorated paper cloth or with a white linen or paper cloth which has been sprinkled with hearts. Cut a large red heart for the center of the table, and matching ones for each child's place, the latter bearing the names in white ink. On the center heart, place the *piece de resistance*—a huge white cake sprinkled with the red candy hearts and decorated in the center with a celluloid doll attired in a red crepe-paper dress and hat. The cake, of course, will be part of the dessert. By using it as a centerpiece, you will give the youngsters ample time to enjoy it before it is cut and eaten with the all-important ice cream at the end of the meal. A nourishing supper that most children will thoroughly enjoy may include: Spanish rice, hearts of lettuce salad (finely minced for easy eating), slivered green beans, milk, and the cake and ice cream. To give a valentine touch to the cream, it could be purchased in heart molds or in bricks with a red heart center; or it could be bulk ice cream with a strawberry or cherry flavor, or plain vanilla dotted with red hearts.

Ample Provision

How safe the Rock

for the fearful ones' hiding;

How strong the Vine

for the weak ones' abiding;

How rich the Bread

for the famished to eat;

How near the Door

for the travelers' feet!

MARY ALDEN CAMPBELL

This Is the Way We Did It . .

*To keep outside interests
from pulling our two boys
away from church services,
we take turns planning . . .*

SHARED SUNDAYS

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS: the playtime of our family day. How we have learned to look forward to them!

We had seen some of our acquaintances distressed by the fact that their teen-agers no longer attended church regularly because of outside interests. So we began, while our children were small, to promote Sunday as the time for our family to do things together. "Solo" dates are planned for week-end nights but on Sunday it is "family first."

At first, we did not plan our afternoon's activities in advance, but in deciding what to do, we often found conflicting viewpoints usurping precious time. As varied interests became more and more an integral part of each child's personality, it took an increasingly longer time to make a choice. It soon seemed that we were spending half the time between morning services and the evening meeting of the youth group in painfully personal decisions. We came to the conclusion that we should take turns, one at a time, in planning the program for the entire afternoon. The four-Sunday month ideally suits our family, which is composed of two adolescent boys, dad and mother.

It is fun to plan a surprise for an appreciative family and we have been surprised to learn that we often enjoy the afternoon planned by another as much, if not more, than the one we planned ourselves. If your family, like ours, is composed of budding athletes as well as those of more sedentary habits, you may find yourselves participating in some astonishing events, and if some long-unused muscles complain after an unexpected workout, so what? There will be three weeks to recuperate before that activity is likely to reappear on the agenda.



With this plan, any family may derive a sense of family unity and a feeling that one's family can be a genuine source of companionship.

By Frances Mason Church

We have compiled a list of the things we can do and we add to that list as new ideas occur. Home-centered activities are varied to suit each personality. Outdoors we have barbecues or play games such as badminton, ping-pong, shuffleboard, volleyball, horseshoes, and croquet. Indoors we play table games, hold taffy-pulls, and have periods of silent reading or of reading aloud. If we play games we hold a family tournament, scoring for each game and keeping a cumulative tally for each member of the family. Silent reading must be announced in time for each person to obtain the book he desires to read. Reading aloud may be from the classics, from some well-loved book of the chooser, or from one which we have seen or intend to see in a play or moving picture. Under home-centered activity comes entertaining, too. If we parents have guests, each child has an added guest of congenial age.

(Continued on page 46.)

This Is the Way We Did It . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

Family Counselors

Question: The pros and cons of television have often been discussed. But even though I know there are many worth-while programs to be seen, I wonder if so much passive recreation may not tend to smother the interest of children, as well as of adults, in more creative activity. Won't it be harder to interest children in reading, music study, games and hobbies of all kinds?

Answer: In this case, I can only answer from our experience and that of friends. When television first comes into a home, there is a tendency to view any and all programs. We found that we had to discuss it as a family, and agree on certain rules of time, programs, etc. Even then, for a time, other activities did seem to suffer. However, now we find that the natural activity and interests of the children have asserted themselves, and they pursue their hobbies, reading, and music with just as much vigor as formerly. Television has not replaced these, it has supplemented them and, in many cases, has added to their knowledge and interest.

Perhaps I should add that in the matter of television, just as in other activities in the home, I feel that a great deal depends on the parents' handling of the situation. If we parents do nothing but view television evening after evening, our children will probably follow our example. But if we ourselves have many and varied interests in the home, in the church, in the community, our children will probably follow *that* example.

E. N. J.

**Dorothy
Faust**



**Elizabeth
N.
Jones**

Question: The question of the difference in the ages of my fiancé and myself has greatly worried me. He is not quite twenty-four and I am thirty-two. He feels that it should not make the slightest difference and always assures me he needs an older person to stabilize him. I feel that marriage should be based on companionship and I would therefore never want my husband to think of me as playing the role of his mother. We are college people, interested in the same educational field, and I could be of great help to him in his work. After checking over many charts on preparation for successful marriage, I find age difference is the only stumbling block. Do you find age difference a major factor in many of the divorces you investigate?

Answer: Personally, I know of no divorce in which extreme difference in ages has been the major factor. I feel this matter is often overemphasized and overplayed. Ages make little difference if two people really love each other and both strive to make each other happy. I know one very happy couple where the man is nineteen years older than his wife, and another ideally mated couple where the wife is fourteen years older than her husband. Many other couples in which the man and wife are of almost the same age are applying for divorce.

Sympathy and an understanding heart, with good spiritual and educational oneness, are far more important than age. Someone has said, "Every woman either makes or breaks her husband." How often do criticism and nagging by the wife create rifts in a marriage? Frequently, she does not understand why she is quarrelsome. Perhaps she is late in coming home from an afternoon party. Unable to have dinner ready on time, she gets mean and, in a caustic frame of mind, starts taking her feelings out on her husband. Then, after dinner, she suddenly thinks that her husband is mistreating her when he retires to his paper and an easy chair instead of offering to share the task of washing dishes with a disagreeable wife.

I would make nothing of the age difference. True happiness does not depend upon age but upon love. Destroy at once every thought that age determines the success or failure of a marriage and be grateful that in checking the many marriage charts, you have found that you and your fiancé have so much in common. Instead of worrying about the age difference, substitute a genuine awareness of gratitude for the things you do have in common with your fiancé.

D. F.

Question: My children seem to be emotionally upset by talk of atom bombs and by air-raid rehearsals. How can I give them a sense of security?

Answer: To give children a sense of security has been the task of

parents since the world began. It is not only a problem of wartime or even of war-hysteria time, although it seems to be more pronounced then.

1. Try to help your children to feel the permanence of God; and try to teach them that no matter what happens, God always has been, and always will be.

2. Try to keep the daily routine of your children as regular and as serene as possible. Do many things together. Read together, play together, work together, pray together.

3. Be calm and serene yourself. Children can sense worry and unrest in others. Their attitudes and notions often reflect our own.

4. There is, I feel, a value in talking calmly with your children about what to do in case of an air raid. Talk over with them the signals, the precautions that are necessary, and what they have been told to do in school and at home. If they still want to talk about it continually, simply remind them that they are prepared.

5. Finally, remember their fears as you plan your family devotions. Pray with them for courage and trust and faith, taking into account their ages, and let them know and be that you yourself trust God.

E. N. J.

Question: My boy's father is dead, and we live with my aunt and uncle. I owe them a great deal, for I have to work to support the two of us, and they make a good home for Bob and me. Just one thing bothers me. I take him to Sunday school and try to teach him to say grace, and to say his prayers. But they make fun of all that. Do you think I should still insist on grace before meals, etc.? After all, it's their home.

Answer: Certainly it is not helping your boy to have his religious practices constantly ridiculed. Fortunately, grace at table is not the only way to worship God. I assume that you have talked this over with your aunt and uncle. Perhaps they do not realize how important it is to you. But if they persist in ridicule even after you have talked with them, I'd try several other things.

All in the Family

Planning birthday parties for her three sons is easy for Mrs. I. C. Willingham, of Atlanta. Now aged 30, 28 and 24 respectively, Coney, Billy and Jack were each born on February 19.

For his role as Doris Day's father in the movie "On Moonlight Bay," Leon Ames had to be made up and dressed like a successful banker in a small Indiana town of 1916. To aid the make-up and wardrobe men, Ames brought in a photograph of his father, who was a successful banker in Portland, Indiana, during that time. They

just followed the photograph, with the result that Ames is the exact image of his father in the film.

The William G. Steele family, of Fort Wayne, Texas, is well represented in the armed services. Two sons are in the Marines, one in the Air Force and one in the Navy.

In Arlington, Virginia, the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Blue—Marilyn, Sharon, Joseph, Josephine and Patricia—had their tonsils removed at the same time.

By HAROLD HELFER

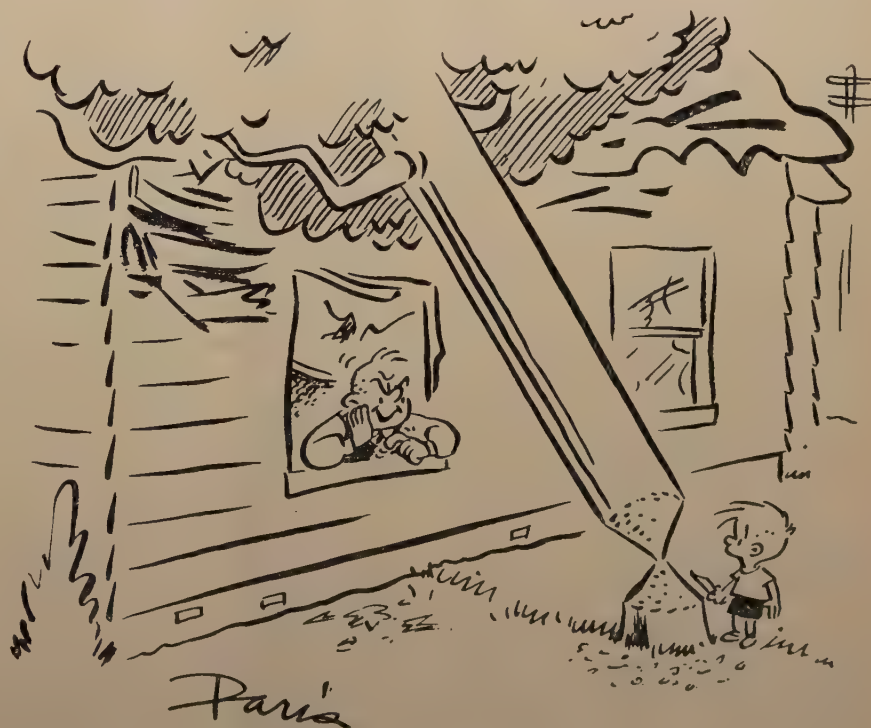
Do not allow your boy or yourself to pretend that you have given up religious practices. But try to have your moments of worship together in private. Give even more careful thought and preparation to these times, so that they are worth while and interesting in the eyes of your son.

Talk over with him, if he is old enough, how much fellowship with God means to you. Show him that that is true by the way you live.

If you do feel that you do want to have grace before meals, perhaps you and your son could unobtrusively have silent grace. At any rate, you can show him that it is the gratitude he feels that is important, rather than the words he might say.

Perhaps, as they watch you and your boy grow together in Christian living, your aunt and uncle may change their minds!

E. N. J.



"Whittling something?"

Question: What can I do about my mother-in-law, who lives with us? My husband's father died a few weeks before he was born. His mother did not remarry. She worked hard to give her son a fine education. Jointly they owned a home several years before we were married. She gave her share of the house to us as a wedding present, and we had the house remodeled and practically all refurnished. I was a personnel director before my marriage and thought I could cope with almost any situation. I felt it would be ruthless and cruel for his mother to live elsewhere when she had given so much to my husband; but, little by little, she assumed more and more authority. For example, if I clean and move the chairs to a new position, she moves them all back as soon as I leave the room. At first, I tried to tell myself this was only a childish trait. She is overly affectionate and kind toward me in the presence of my husband and friends, but the minute he is out, she is coldly polite. I will not quarrel with her because I have

tried to respect her position, and the handicap which my husband bears, but truly I cannot go on in such an atmosphere. What can I do?

Answer: Mother-in-law problems are not simple ones. When the tension has grown little by little between two women of the same household, feelings of annoyance and intolerance are bound to rise to almost unbearable proportions. No house is large enough to have two women as managers.

Of course, the very first time your mother-in-law showed her authority, you should have had friendly business conferences, first of all, discussing the matter with your husband and then with all three of you present. Your husband could have explained, in the presence of both of you, that he considered you as head of the house, that mothers must come second after marriage if true happiness results.

Tell your husband you do not intend to let anyone come between the two of you. Then, together, discuss the matter with his mother

if you can do so without too great a display of emotions. If you cannot say to your mother-in-law, "I am prepared to forgive you and to forget the past tensions if you will realize your proper place in our home," then, and then only, are you ready to discuss the situation in a home conference.

On the other hand, if the possibilities are greater that you will become wrathful and unwisely demanding, then do not trust yourself to a home conference but seek the guidance of a minister who is a trained marriage counselor. First, ask your husband and mother-in-law to go with you for such a conference. Greatest good will be accomplished if the three of you go willingly to state your various views of the problem. If they refuse to go willingly, then tell them that you will take a more drastic step by going to the Court of Domestic Relations to make an official complaint to a Reconciliation Officer. Explain to them that you feel that all three of you should follow the advice of a trained counselor and disinterested party.

D. F.

Shared Sundays

(From page 43.)

The activities we pursue away from home permit a wide variety of personal choice. Many of our parks have facilities we can use for tennis or baseball. We may have a picnic or a cook-out as well. Plans, including food, must be announced early enough so Mother may shop and cook accordingly. (Sometimes Dad's plans include taking us all to a good restaurant.) Bowling, miniature golf and horseback riding are within easy reach. Swimming, hiking, and fishing are especially popular with the boys.

Some of our exploratory afternoons have been spent at museums, art galleries, the zoo, the harbor and the county fair. We have found many "foreign" neighborhoods and enjoyed the food of each, learning to know some of the people who help make our America. We have visited the historical spots in our vicinity, and seen wild flowers in bloom. Some afternoons have been entirely spent in search-

ing for rocks or leaves to add to the collections of the younger boy, or in taking an automobile ride to give the older boy practice in driving. Sometimes these last two pastimes have been combined with a trip for some other purpose.

My husband and I, through our choices, endeavor to keep a balanced program. One of the things we are anxious to guard against is that all our good times do not occur away from home. We have all learned flexibility, too, by trading Sundays with one another.

Expenses, to a fixed amount, are covered by the family budget. When admission prices go over the allotted amount, the difference is financed from the allowance of the person making that choice. If he considers his plan of such great importance, then this rule does not impose too great a hardship, for he has a month in which to save the amount needed.

The family cooperation necessary in our plan for shared Sundays has had twofold results. First, it has given us all a sense of family

unity: a feeling that one's family can be a genuine source of companionship. Together we have built a store of happy memories for the years when we may be apart. Second, praying and playing as a family unit has given our sons practical experience in human relations, serving as a training school for that important time when each of them, we hope, will be the father of a Christian family of his own!

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."—Isaiah 11:6.

The Words

A. Tallow	L. Fatherland
B. Bonnet	M. Month
C. Halted	N. Neal
D. Hitchhike	O. Wool
E. Gallant	P. Mallet
F. Tattled	Q. Fawn
G. Huddle	R. Thistle
H. Half dollar	S. Hiss
I. Engaged	T. Holiday
J. Hitch	U. Hidden
K. Sheep	V. Wild
	W. Wallet

LISTEN TO THIS roll call: Gift of God, Bitter, Resolute, Helmet, Soldier, Beautiful, Star! Strange names? Yes, but only the synonyms for such common names as John, Mary and William. As a matter of fact, most of our modern Christian names have an interesting meaning in the language from which they came.

Today, parents usually name their boys and girls after persons whom they admire and respect. Often they choose the name of a favorite uncle, or of a beloved grandparent, or of some famous person. No one pays much attention to the original meaning of the name that is chosen.

But this was not always so! In ancient days, parents converted ordinary words into personal names if the meanings were appropriate. For instance, the Irish word for "girl" is "colleen"; the Hebrew word for "twin" is "thomas." The meanings of these words made them obvious choices for names. Most of our popular names have similar origins.

The majority of Christian names originated in Europe many hundreds of years ago. The warlike Romans and Germans utilized military terms for personal names: Miles, soldier; Louis, bold warrior; Gertrude, spear maiden; Richard, strong like a king; and Valentine, brave.

Greek and Scottish-Irish parents often chose to give their children the names of virtues: Enid, purity; Sophia, wisdom; Conant, wisdom; Alan, harmony; and Fergus, manly strength.

Words describing personal qualities often became names. "Pleasing," "cheerful," "graceful," "merry" and "lovable" in various languages have become the girls' names Heddy, Larissa, Lynette, Jocelyn, and Amy. For boys the words for the qualities lordly, noble, strong, and brave are now the popular names Cyril, Patrick, Brian and Arthur.

The names of birds and animals comprise another source of personal names. For example, Bernard means "bear"; Rachel, "ewe"; Owen, "lamb"; Merle, "blackbird"; Jemima, "dove"; Lionel, "young lion"; Mavis, "thrush."

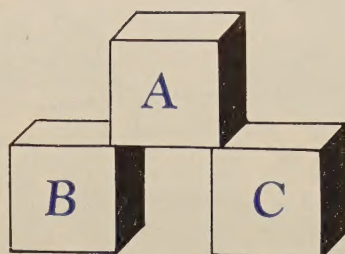
Girls and flowers naturally go together. Flower names, picked at random, include: Lily, Rose, Daisy, Daffodil, Lotus and Lala (tulip). Parents also used the names of precious stones for their babies: Pearl, Opal, Ruby, Sapphire and Beryl.

Sometimes the color of a person's complexion, eyes, or hair determined his Christian name. From several languages have come the following: Maureen, dark; Lloyd, gray; Rufus, red-haired; Caesar, blue-eyed; Boyd, yellow-haired; Blanche, white; Nigel, black; Bruno, brown.

A NUMBER OF OUR NAMES originally had religious significance. In the Old Testament several stories center about the naming of individuals. In one of these, the daughter of Pharaoh found a baby among the river reeds. She gave the Hebrew child the name "Moses." This word, in the Egyptian language, means "drawn out." Explaining her choice of a name, the princes said, "I drew him out of the water." Other Christian names have come to us

By DAVID McWILLIAM

The



of

Christian Names

from the ancient Hebrew language and religion: Noah, comfort; Jane, gift of God; Eva, life; David, beloved; Sarah, princess; Manuel, God is with us; Adam, earth man.

Many years later biblical names again became very popular. Among the early American colonists these were very common: Hope, Felicity, Charity, Faith, Hannah (grace), Elijah (Jehovah is my God), Isaac (laughter) and Jacob (supplanter).

Scholars do not always agree as to the original meanings of some of the words we use for names. In the ABC of boys' and girls' names below, only one of the possible meanings is given.

BOYS

Andrew—manly
Benjamin—son of the right hand
Charles—noble-spirited
Donald—proud chief
Eric—rich
Ferdinand—brave
George—farmer
Harold—champion
Ira—watchful
Jason—a healer
Kenneth—commander
Leonard—brave as a lion
Martin—warlike
Nathan—a gift
Oscar—leaping warrior
Paul—little
Quentin—fifth
Robert—bright in fame
Solomon—peaceful
Timothy—God-fearing
Urban—polished
Victor—conqueror
Walter—powerful warrior
Xavier—very bright
Yates—a gate dweller
Zacchaeus—pure

GIRLS

Anne—grace
Beatrice—happy
Clara—bright
Dorothy—gift of God
Esther—a star
Florence—flourishing
Gail—gay
Helen—light
Irene—peace
Joyce—playful
Katherine—pure
Linda—beautiful
Margaret—a pearl
Nancy—grace
Olga—holy
Phoebe—radiant
Queenie—wife
Ruth—beauty
Stella—star
Theresa—harvester
Ulrica—ruler of all
Vivian—lively
Winifred—lover of peace
Xanthe—yellow-haired
Ysolde—beautiful
Zenita—hospitable



Our Brother's Brother

February is Brotherhood Month. Slowly the churches are beginning to see the implications of the truth that if God is our Father, then "all we are brethren." There are many who still try to hedge on those implications.

Cain tried to hedge, too, some centuries ago. He is the ancestor of all those who try to dodge their human responsibilities with the cynical question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is amazing how many persons think that quoting that bit of "Bible" relieves them of a disturbing concern for their fellowmen.

Of course, Cain was right. No man is his brother's keeper; except possibly the guards of prisons and concentration camps, or attendants at mental hospitals. The great commandment does not read, "Keep one another."

Of course, Cain was wrong. Because man is not his brother's keeper does not mean that he is not his brother's brother. Cain's guilt lay not in failing to be a good keeper but in not being a good brother. That's where most of us fail today.

The home is certainly one place where the basic meaning of brotherhood ought to be taught. We must not take brotherliness for granted. We must learn to teach by word and deed what it really means to be a brother.

Let's make good use of Brotherhood Month.

New Recruits for Public Service

One of the complaints of many of those who have reached retirement age is that they feel so useless and unimportant. If you know any like that just let them in on the good news that they don't have to feel that way!

At a recent Adult Education Institute, Dr. Paul Essert of Columbia University stated, "The task worth while, the task for which the aging are most admirably adapted, is the task of public service."

"Thar's gold in them thar hills" for community and church and the aging alike. No more is it necessary or desirable (if it ever was) for those who have

retired to take the attitude described in the words of the poet, "serene I fold my hands and wait." They can find a community or a church project to take hold of which their leisure time and experience will enable them to carry out successfully.

It is a field in which the church, especially, will find it valuable to do a little cultivating.

How Times Have Changed!

In 1776 General George Washington issued the following order:

All officers of the Continental Army are enjoined to assist Civil Magistrates in the execution of their duty and to promote peace and good order. They are to prevent as much as possible the soldiers from frequenting tippling houses.

One hundred and seventy-one years later we read the following statement:

Ten million GI's have learned to know and like beer much earlier than they would have as civilians. For five years there has been no need to "sell." *Uncle Sam has been your sales manager and the best you ever had.*

—Kenneth Laird, advertising man, to Wholesale Beer Association of Ohio. Feb. 7, 1947.

We have it on the authority of the *Brewers' Digest* of May, 1941, that it was "the insistence by high-ranking army officers to make beer available at army camps." In other words, we not only did not prevent "soldiers from frequenting tippling houses" but the tippling houses were brought into the camps themselves.

Yes, times have changed.

A New Family Counselor

Beginning in March, *Hearthstone* will carry selected material from Dr. George W. Crane's syndicated column *The Worry Clinic*. Dr. Crane is well known as a psychologist, author, radio lecturer, speaker, and church worker. He has taught an adult class in Chicago Temple for over thirty years. Reader reactions will be gladly received.

Help Others Live More Abundantly



Being a HEARTHSTONE reader, you know how packed each issue is with absorbing and wholesome material for family fun and enrichment. You know how thoroughly helpful and worth while the articles are. Then, share these treasures with other families by introducing HEARTHSTONE. Sell them on it!

Here is a project worthy of every adult group. Write for free samples to distribute in Sunday morning classes or women's meetings. Tell parents what HEARTHSTONE offers for improving Christian family living.

Let them see by reading an issue of HEARTHSTONE. Then, take subscriptions or sell copies!

Groups ordering five or more quarterly subscriptions to HEARTHSTONE at the same time sent to the same address pay only 60 cents for each (\$2.40 per year). The monthly issues may then be sold for 25 cents each making a 5 cent per copy profit for your group. Covers of unsold issues may be returned for credit. Individual subscriptions to HEARTHSTONE cost \$3.00 per year and are mailed direct to homes.



Resources for Study Groups

Launch a year-round parents' study group in your church and use the magazine HEARTHSTONE as background material for discussion sessions on techniques for teaching religion in the home, on how children learn about God, on discipline in the Christian family, on how religious growth takes place, etc. Write for free circular describing this project. Let HEARTHSTONE point the way for lively meetings and helpful study, as well as become a good leisure reading habit.

Another Idea for Your Church

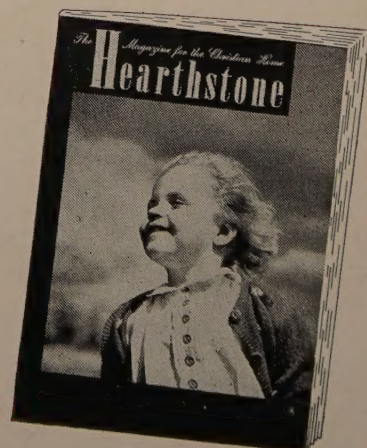
Many churches have a literature table in the foyer where HEARTHSTONE, THE SECRET PLACE and other publications for home reading are displayed with price markers. A coin box is prominently located for convenient payment. Why not try this in your church? It is a good way to sell more copies of these wholesome publications and encourage parents to read better literature.

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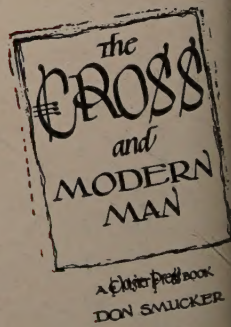
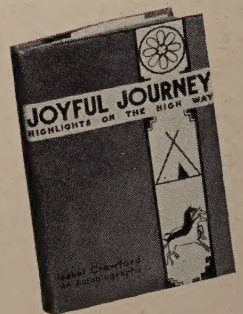
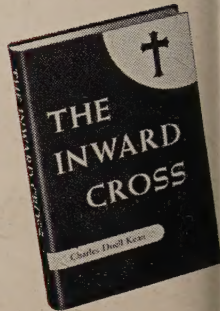
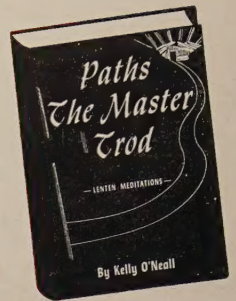
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